Donated by Afonso

PLEDGE

"India is my country, all Indians are my brothers and sisters.

"I love my country, and I am proud of its rich and varied heritage. I shall always strive to be worthy of it.

"I shall give my parents, teachers and all elders respect and treat every one with courtesy.

"To my country and my people, I pledge my devotion. In their well-being and prosperity alone lies my happiness."

"There's *Plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table

(Page 106)

NEW
RADIANT READERS
BOOK IX

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NEW
RADIANT READERS

BOOK IX

Revised and
Enlarged Edition

Edited by
T. C. COLLOCOTT, M.A.

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PREFACE

Book IX of THE NEW RADIANT READERS is an entirely new book in the series and has been brought out for use in Standard IX of English medium schools.

The predominant aim in selecting the passages included in this book has been to provide for pupils, who are about to be introduced to the beauties of English literature, a wealth of reading material that should rouse their interest by its freshness, liveliness and variety. Variety in style and subject-matter is indeed an outstanding feature of the selections. The passages chosen are models of English prose, and have been culled from various forms of English literature, such as the novel, the short story, the essay, the prose drama, the biographical sketch and the descriptive article. While old favourites have not been neglected, most of the extracts are from the writings of modern authors, so that the pupils may become familiar with the current modes of thought and expression. The young reader will find here, among other literary specimens, exciting tales of travel and adventure, fascinating stories of animal life, interesting accounts of the marvels of science and industry, and delightful character studies sparkling with humour.

Each passage begins with a short introductory note which gives the background of the story or the extract. The different types of exercises provided at the end of the passage aim at checking the pupil's comprehension of the textual matter, stimulating his process of thinking and reasoning, and giving him practice in word usage, language study and composition. While these exercises are based on the pattern followed in the earlier books in the series, some of the questions set are of an advanced type intended to test the pupil's intelligence or his appreciation of the finer points in the passage. It is hoped that these aids to study will help the teacher to make the lessons interesting as well as profitable.

The poems selected are such as will appeal to the pupils and interest them. At least 150 lines must be learnt by heart.

Our special thanks are due to the Board of Editors, consisting of Mr. C. A. Christie, Principal, Robert Money School, Bombay; Mr. A. R. Dawood, former Dy. Director, All India Council for Secondary Education, New Delhi; and Mr. S. S. Pavri, Principal, Amulakh Amichand Bhimji High School, Bombay, who were jointly responsible for the work of preparing this book in the series.

We also acknowledge with thanks the help given to the Editors by The Rev. Fr. D. Donnelly, S.J., Principal of St. Mary's High School, Bombay and The Rev. Fr. H. F. Miranda, S.J., Principal, St. Xavier's High School, Bombay, in the preparation of this book.

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1. UNCLE PODGER HANGS A PICTURE

The following extract is taken from a delightful book by Jerome K. Jerome called *Three Men in a Boat*, which was first published more than 70 years ago and has retained its popularity to this day. The passage describes in a humorous vein the commotion Uncle Podger raises in his household when he attempts to hang a picture on the wall.

YOU never saw such a commotion up and down a house in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the framemaker's, and be standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say,

'Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that.'

And then he would take off his coat, and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpenn'orth of nails, and one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

'Now you go and get me my hammer, Will!' he would shout; 'and bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, "Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level?" And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom! where's Tom?—Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture.'

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He would not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat; while he would dance round and hinder them.

'Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life. Six of you—and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the . . . . .

Then he'd get up and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

'Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it.'

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail and drop it.

'There!' he would say, in an injured tone, 'now the nail is gone.'

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, but by that time

he would have lost the hammer.

'Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Great heavens! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!'

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get upon the chair beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and re-measure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when the old fool was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop

the hammer with a yell on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done. 8

'Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything', Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up.

'Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort.'

And then he would have another try, and at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then he had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and about midnight, the picture would be up—very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched—except Uncle Podger.

'There you are,' he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman's corns and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. 'Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!'

From Jerome K. Jerome's

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

Comprehension

1. What work did Uncle Podger assign to the different members of his household in the beginning?
2. How did the loss of the handkerchief hold up the work?
3. How did the whole family help Uncle Podger in his second attempt?
4. 'There!' he would say in an injured tone, 'now the nail's gone.' Why did he say this 'in an injured tone'?
5. Show how the different members of Uncle Podger's family added to the confusion created by him.
6. 'And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten.' Explain this with reference to the context.
7. What happened 'at the critical moment' when Uncle Podger leaned over the chair?

8. What was Aunt Maria's comment when the hammer fell? What was its significance?
9. Show how Uncle Podger always blamed somebody else for the mistakes that he made.
10. Which particular incidents described in the passage do you find the most amusing?
11. Give an example of sarcasm from the passage.

Language study

1. Which words in the text are used for the following? crawl in a prostrate position; utter low gruff sound of discontent; woman hired by the hour or day for housework; staring with the mouth open; thrown down headlong; taking a general view of.
2. Use in sentences of your own: have another go; lose sight of; sneer at; with a yell; make a fuss over; with evident pride.
3. Explain the expressions in the following sentences:
   (a) 'I *had better have* a kitchen chair too.'
   (b) '*Might just as well* ask the cat to find anything.'
   (c) Uncle Podger would reply, *picking himself up.*
   (d) '*There you are*', he would say, stepping heavily off the chair.

Composition

1. Describe how you would hang a large picture on a wall.
2. There was always a commotion when Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. Write a humorous account of what happened when he tried to make tea for the family.

---

2. MY GARDEN

In this delightful little poem of ten lines, the poet not only emphasises the fact that a garden is a beautiful thing but also asserts that this place of beauty and peace proclaims the existence of God.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

T. E. Brown

1. Give three words used in the poem that are not now in common use. Why do you think the poet has put these words in the poem?
2. 'Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?' Why has the poet used the question form here? What is the answer to the question?
3. Give the rhyme scheme of the poem.

3. THE IMP AND THE CRUST

The author of this little story, Count Leo Tolstoy, is one of the greatest writers in Russian literature. He is the author of "War and Peace" and a number of other novels which have made him world famous. Besides these great works, Tolstoy also wrote a number of short stories, often in the form of a parable like the present one. The parable given here shows how alcoholic drink makes a man a beast and brings about his ruin.

A POOR peasant set out early one morning to plough, taking with him for his breakfast a crust of bread. He got his plough ready, wrapped the bread in his coat, put it under a bush, and set to work. After a while, when his horse was tired and he was hungry, the peasant fixed the plough, let the horse loose to graze, and went to get his coat and his breakfast.

He lifted the coat, but the bread was gone! He looked and looked, turned the coat over, shook it out—but the bread was gone. The peasant could not make this out at all.

'That's strange,' thought he; 'I saw no one, but all the same someone has been here and has taken the bread!'

It was an imp who had stolen the bread while the peasant was ploughing, and at that moment he was sitting behind the bush, waiting to hear the peasant swear and call on the Devil.

The peasant was sorry to lose his breakfast, but 'It can't be helped,' said he. 'After all, I shan't die of hunger! No doubt whoever took the bread needed it. May it do him good!'

And he went to the well, had a drink of water, and rested a bit. Then he caught his horse, harnessed it, and began ploughing again.

Lancy MASCARENHAS

The imp was crestfallen at not having made the peasant sin, and he went to report what had happened to the Devil, his master.

He came to the Devil and told how he had taken the peasant's bread, and how the peasant instead of cursing had said, 'May it do him good!'

The Devil was angry, and replied: 'If the man got the better of you, it was your own fault—you don't understand your business! If the peasants, and their wives after them, take to that sort of thing, it will be all up with us. The matter can't be left like that! Go back at once,' said he, 'and put things right. If in three years you don't get the better of that peasant, I'll have you ducked in holy water!'

The imp was frightened. He scampered back to earth, thinking how he could redeem his fault. He thought and thought, and at last hit upon a good plan.

He turned himself into a labouring man and went and took service with the poor peasant. The first year he advised the peasant to sow corn in a marshy place. The peasant took his advice and sowed in the marsh. The year turned out a very dry one, and the crops of the other peasants were all scorched by the sun, but the poor peasant's corn grew thick and tall and full-eared. Not only had he grain enough to last him for the whole year, but he had much left over besides.

The next year the imp advised the peasant to sow on the hill; and it turned out a wet summer. Other people's corn was beaten down and rotted and the ears did not fill; but the peasant's crop, up on the hill, was a fine one. He had more grain left over than before, so that he did not know what to do with it all.

Then the imp showed the peasant how he could mash the grain and distil spirit from it: and the peasant made strong drink, and began to drink it himself and to give it to his friends.

So the imp went to the Devil, his master, and boasted that he had made up for his failure. The Devil said that he would come and see for himself how the case stood.

He came to the peasant's house, and saw that the peasant had invited his well-to-do neighbours and was treating them to drink. His wife was offering the drink to the guests, and as she handed it round she stumbled against the table and spilt a glassful.

The peasant was angry, and scolded his wife: 'What do you mean? Do you think it's ditchwater, you cripple, that you must go pouring good stuff like that over the floor?'

The imp nudged the Devil, his master, with his elbow: 'See,' said he, 'that's the man who did not grudge his only crust!'

The peasant, still railing at his wife, began to carry the drink round himself. Just then a poor peasant returning from work came in uninvited. He greeted the company, sat down, and saw that they were drinking. Tired with his day's work, he felt that he too would like a drop. He sat and sat, and his mouth kept watering, but the host instead of offering him any only muttered: 'I can't find drink for every one who comes along.'

This pleased the Devil; but the imp chuckled and said, 'Wait a bit, there's more to come yet!'

The rich peasants drank, and their host drank too. And they began to make false, oily speeches to one another.

The Devil listened and listened, and praised the imp.

'If,' said he, 'the drink makes them so foxy that they begin to cheat each other, they will soon all be in our hands.'

'Wait for what's coming,' said the imp. 'Let them have another glass all round. Now they are like foxes, wagging their tails and trying to get round one another, but presently you will see them like savage wolves.'

The peasants had another glass each, and their talk became wilder and rougher. Instead of oily speeches, they began to abuse and snarl at one another. Soon they took to fighting, and punched one another's noses. And the host joined in the fight and he too got well beaten.

The Devil looked on and was much pleased at all this.

'This is first-rate!' said he.

But the imp replied: 'Wait a bit—the best is yet to come. Wait till they have had a third glass. Now they are raging like wolves, but let them have one more glass and they will be like swine.'

The peasants had their third glass, and became quite like brutes. They muttered and shouted, not knowing why, and not listening to one another.

Then the party began to break up. Some went alone, some in twos, and some in threes, all staggering down the street. The host went out to speed his guests, but he fell on his nose into a puddle, smeared himself from top to toe, and lay there grunting like a hog.

This pleased the Devil still more.

'Well,' said he, 'you have hit on a first-rate drink, and have quite made up for your blunder about the bread. But now tell me how this drink is made. You must first have put in fox's blood: that was what made the peasants sly as foxes. Then, I suppose, you added wolf's blood: that is what made them fierce like wolves. And you must have finished off with swine's blood, to make them behave like swine.'

'No,' said the imp, 'that was not the way I did it. All I did was to see that the peasant had more corn than he needed. The blood of the beasts is always in man; but as long as he has only enough corn for his needs, it is kept in bounds. While that was the case, the peasant did not grudge his last crust. But when he had corn left over, he looked for ways of getting pleasure out of it. And I showed him a pleasure—drinking! And when he began to turn God's good gifts into spirits for his own pleasure—the fox's, wolf's and swine's blood in him all came out. If only he goes on drinking, he will always be a beast!'

The Devil praised the imp, forgave him for his former blunder, and advanced him to a post of high honour.

From Leo Tolstoy's
TWENTY-THREE TALES

Comprehension

A
1. From the description of the peasant in the opening paragraph what can you say about his condition?
2. How did the peasant behave on discovering that he had lost his crust of bread? What does this show about his character?
3. What was the imp's aim in stealing the bread?
4. What was the Devil's fear when he heard of the imp's failure? Why did he have that kind of fear?
5. What frightened the imp?
6. Why did he turn himself into a labouring man?
7. How did the peasant get more corn than he needed?
8. What did he do with the extra corn?
9. Describe the effects of the first two glasses of drink on the peasant and his friends?
10. 'Wait a bit—the best is yet to come.' What was the 'best'?
11. Who do you think had a better understanding of human nature—the Devil or the imp? Give reasons for your answer.
12. Is the title of the story, "The Imp and the Crust" a suitable one? Give two other titles which will bring out the moral of the story.

B Who said the following? Explain the significance of each remark.

(a) 'I'll have you ducked in holy water.'
(b) 'That's the man who did not grudge his only crust.'
(c) 'I can't find drink for every one who comes along.'
(d) 'The blood of the beasts is always in man.'

Language study

1. From List B find the words which are nearest in meaning to those in List A.

   List A: crestfallen, wagging, ducked, mash, oily, chuckled, foxy, staggering, scampered, snarled.

   List B: hurried, soaked, stumbling, growled, dejected, cunning, flattering, crush, shaking, laughed (quietly).

2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own: take to; get the better of; rail at; hit upon; make up for; kept in bounds.

3. Fill in the blanks with words used in the text:
   (a) The farmer —— his horse to the cart.
   (b) On his promotion he —— his friends to a good dinner.
   (c) The grass was all —— by the blazing sun.
   (d) She wanted to —— the great blunder she had made.
   (e) The holy men —— themselves with the sacred oil.
   (f) Nobody heard what he —— to himself.

Composition

1. Write a dialogue containing the 'false oily speeches' made by the rich peasants to one another under the influence of drink.
2. Write a story of your own which shows the harmful effects of strong drink.

---

4. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

The poet feels sad when he remembers how the friends of his youth have all passed away one after another and have left him alone in the world. He expresses this sorrow in a simple but moving poem which has been set to music.

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me, Personification
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
(The smiles, the tears) Opposite thing and these
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
(The eyes that shone,) Parts Synecdoche
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.)

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
(I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,) Alliteration
I feel like one
Who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore

1. What is 'the light of other days'?
2. Name and explain the figures of speech in the first stanza.
3. Comment on the aptness and beauty of the *simile* in the second stanza.
4. The poem is musical. How has the poet produced the musical effect?
5. Give the rhyme scheme of each stanza.
6. Can you suggest another suitable title for the poem?

5. IMITATING THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

In the following extract from *The Story of my Experiments with Truth,* Mahatma Gandhi describes some of his embarrassing experiences in London. In order to please a friend of his, he undertook 'the all too impossible task of becoming an English gentleman.' The experiment lasted only for a short time, because Gandhiji soon realized that it was not any external accomplishment but the character of a man that makes him a gentleman.

My faith in vegetarianism grew on me from day to day. The result of reading books on vegetarianism was that dietetic experiments came to take an important place in my life. Health was the principal consideration of those experiments to begin with.

Meanwhile my friend had not ceased to worry about me. His love for me led him to think that, if I persisted in my objections to meat-eating, I should not only develop a weak constitution, but should remain a duffer, because I should never feel at home in English society. When he came to know that I had begun to interest myself in books on vegetarianism, he was afraid lest these studies should muddle my head; that I should fritter my life away in experiments, forgetting my own work, and become a crank. He therefore made one last effort to reform me. He one day invited me to go to the theatre. Before the play we were to dine together at the Holborn Restaurant, to me a palatial place and the first big restaurant I had been to since leaving the Victoria Hotel. The stay at that hotel had scarcely been a helpful experience, for I had not lived there with my wits about me. The friend had planned to take me to this restaurant evidently imagining that modesty would forbid any questions. And it was a very big company

of diners in the midst of which my friend and I sat sharing a table between us. The first course was soup. I wondered what it might be made of, but durst not ask the friend about it. I therefore summoned the waiter. My friend saw the movement and sternly asked across the table what was the matter. With considerable hesitation I told him that I wanted to inquire if the soup was a vegetable soup. 'You are too clumsy for decent society,' he passionately exclaimed. 'If you cannot behave yourself, you had better go. Feed in some other restaurant and await me outside.' This delighted me. Out I went. There was a vegetarian restaurant close by, but it was closed. So I went without food that night. I accompanied my friend to the theatre, but he never said a word about the scene I had created. On my part, of course, there was nothing to say.

That was the last friendly tussle we had. It did not affect our relations in the least. I could see and

appreciate the love by which all my friend's efforts were actuated, and my respect for him was all the greater on account of our differences in thought and action.

But I decided that I should put him at ease, that I should assure him that I would be clumsy no more, but try to become polished and make up for my vegetarianism by cultivating other accomplishments which fitted one for polite society. And for this purpose I undertook the all too impossible task of becoming an English gentleman.

The clothes after the Bombay cut that I was wearing were, I thought, unsuitable for English society, and I got new ones at the Army and Navy Stores. I also went in for a chimney-pot hat costing nineteen shillings —an excessive price in those days. Not content with this, I wasted ten pounds on an evening suit made in Bond Street, the centre of fashionable life in London; and got my good and noble-hearted brother to send me a double watch-chain of gold. It was not correct to wear a ready-made tie and I learnt the art of tying one for myself. While in India, the mirror had been a luxury permitted on the days when the family barber gave me a shave. Here I wasted ten minutes every day before a huge mirror, watching myself arranging my tie and parting my hair in the correct fashion. My hair was by no means soft, and every day it meant a regular struggle with the brush to keep it in position. Each time the hat was put on and off, the hand would automatically move towards the head to adjust the hair, not to mention the other civilized habit of the hand every now and then operating for the same purpose when sitting in polished society.

As if all this were not enough to make me look the thing, I directed my attention to other details that were supposed to go towards the making of an English gentleman. I was told it was necessary for me to take lessons in dancing, French and elocution. French was not only the language of neighbouring France, but it was the lingua franca of the Continent over which I had a desire to travel. I decided to take dancing lessons at a class and paid down £3 as fees for a term. I must have taken about six lessons in three weeks. But it was beyond me to achieve anything like rhythmic motion. I could not follow the piano and hence found it impossible to keep time. What then was I to do? The recluse in the fable kept a cat to keep off the rats, and then a cow to feed the cat with milk, and a man to keep the cow and so on. My ambitions grew like the family of the recluse. I thought I should learn to play the violin in order to cultivate an ear for Western music. So I invested £3 in a violin and something more in fees. I sought a third teacher to give me lessons in elocution and paid him a preliminary fee of a guinea. He recommended Bell's Standard Elocutionist as the textbook, which I purchased. And I began with a speech of Pitt's.

But Mr. Bell rang the bell of alarm in my ear and I awoke.

I had not to spend a lifetime in England, I said to myself. What then was the use of learning elocution? And how could dancing make a gentleman of me? The violin I could learn even in India. I was a student and ought to go on with my studies. I should qualify myself to join the Inns of Court. If my character made a gentleman of me, so much the better. Otherwise I should forgo the ambition.

These and similar thoughts possessed me, and I expressed them in a letter which I addressed to the elocution teacher, requesting him to excuse me from further lessons. I had taken only two or three. I wrote a similar letter to the dancing teacher, and went personally to the violin teacher with a request to dispose of the violin for any price it might fetch. She was rather friendly to me, so I told her how I had discovered that I was pursuing a false idea. She encouraged me in the determination to make a complete change.

This infatuation must have lasted about three months. The punctiliousness in dress persisted for years. But henceforward I became a student.

Adapted from M. K. Gandhi's
THE STORY OF MY EXPERIMENTS WITH TRUTH

Comprehension

A 1. Why did Gandhiji's interest in vegetarianism make his friend extremely anxious?
2. What last effort did the friend make to 'reform' Gandhiji? Did he succeed in doing so?
3. Why did Gandhiji undertake 'the all too impossible task of becoming an English gentleman'? How did he set about the task?
4. How did Gandhiji try to acquire the accomplishments considered necessary for the making of an English gentleman?
5. In what way did Gandhiji's ambitions grow like the family of the recluse?
6. What was the result of Gandhiji's efforts in this direction?

B 1. 'I had not lived there with my wits about me.' What do you think Gandhiji means by this statement?
2. 'You are too clumsy for decent society.' Why did Gandhiji's friend say this? Was he justified in making the remark? Yes
3. 'In India, the mirror had been a luxury.' Why?
4. 'But, Mr. Bell rang the bell of alarm in my ear, and I awoke.' What was the 'alarm' and how did Gandhiji awake? realisation

Language study

1. Find the meanings of the following:
automatically, elocution, infatuation, punctiliousness.

foolish
attachment

2. Use each of the following in a sentence of your own:
   feel at home; fritter away; put one at ease; make up for; cultivate accomplishments; forgo the ambition; cultivate a ear for; dispose of.
3. Explain these expressions:
   dietetic experiments; chimney-pot hat; centre of fashionable life; polite society; lingua franca; rhythmic motion; Inns of Court.
4. In what sense is each of the following words used in the lesson and what other meanings of the same words are known to you?
   principal, constitution, course, scene, cultivating, operating.
5. Form nouns from the following:
   persist, summon, appreciate, achieve, suppose, awake, discover, qualify, dispose, pursue.

Composition

1. Write four paragraphs on what you consider to be the qualities of a gentleman.
2. Write a letter to a pen-friend in England telling him about the kind of food most people eat in India.

6. THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

This ballad tells the story of an overworked old priest, who overwhelmed by exhaustion fell asleep one evening and failed to go to the help of a dying man. When the priest rushed to the man's house at the break of dawn, he learnt that some mysterious person had taken his place in the night and comforted the sick man in his last moments. Being written in the form of a ballad, the poem has a simple and direct style. But there are some beautiful descriptions. The priest's grief at his failure and his gratitude for God's mercifulness are very effectively portrayed.

The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die";
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moth came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair";
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door
"Father! you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead!" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

"He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things,
Asleep upon a chair."

W. B. Yeats

1. Why did the priest explain: 'My body spake, not I!'?
2. How can you tell that the priest was troubled at heart at his failure?
3. Which lines contain the climax of the story?
4. What is the mystery in the story? What is Father Gilligan's attitude towards this mystery?
5. What do you understand by the phrase 'the moth-hour of eve'?
6. Quote the lines which describe the beauty and peacefulness of the night.

7. AN ALLIGATOR HUNT

This exciting and somewhat amusing story is from a book called *Martin Rattler* by R. M. Ballantyne. Martin Rattler and his Irish friend, Barney, are shipwrecked off the coast of South America, but they swim safely to the shore. They have many strange adventures in Brazil, like the one described here.

AT sunrise an expressive shout in Portuguese set the Negroes on their feet, and after a hasty breakfast they commenced operations.

All being now ready for the hunt, a number of negroes entered the water, which was nowhere very deep, with long poles in their hands. This appeared to Martin and Barney a very reckless and dangerous thing to do, as no doubt it was. Nevertheless, accidents, they were told, very rarely happened.

Sambo, who was the overseer of the party, was the first to dash up to the middle of the water. "Hi!" exclaimed that dingy individual, making a torrent of remarks in Portuguese, while he darted his long pole hither and thither; then, observing that Martin and Barney were gazing at him open-mouthed, he shouted, "Look out, boys! here 'im comes! Take care, ole feller, or he jump down your throat! Hi-i-i!"

As he spoke, a large alligator, having been rudely stirred up from his muddy bed, floundered on the surface of the lake, and Sambo instantly gave it a thump over the back and a blow under the ribs, which had the effect of driving it in the direction of the shore. Here a number of negroes were ready for him, and the moment he came within reach, a coil of rope with a noose on the end of it, called a lasso, was adroitly thrown over the reptile's head; ten or twelve men then hauled

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the lasso and dragged it ashore amid shouts of triumph. This alligator was twenty feet long, with an enormous misshapen head and fearful rows of teeth that were terrible to behold. The monster did not submit to be captured, however, without a struggle; and the negroes grew wild with excitement as they yelled and leaped madly about, seeking to avoid its dangerous jaws and the blows of its powerful tail. After some trouble, a second lasso was thrown over the tail, which was thus somewhat restrained in its movements; and Sambo, approaching cautiously with an axe, cut a deep gash just at the root of that formidable appendage, which rendered it harmless. "Hi-i," shouted Sambo in triumph, as he sprang towards the animal's head and inflicted a similar gash in the neck; "dere, you quite finish, ole feller."

"Musha, but that's thrue!" ejaculated Barney, who stood staring at the whole proceeding like one in a trance. "Did ye iver git a bite, Sambo?"

Barney received no answer, for his sable friend was already up to his waist in the water with five or six of his brethren, who were flourishing their long poles and driving the snorting alligators towards the shore, where their comrades, with lassos and harpoons, awaited them. Sometimes they harpooned the alligators, and then fastening lassos to their heads and tails, or to a hind leg, dragged them ashore; at other times they threw the lasso over their heads at once, without taking the trouble to harpoon them. It was a terrible and wonderful sight to witness the negroes in the very midst of a shoal of these creatures, any one of which could have taken a man into his jaws quite easily, whence, once between the long saw-like rows of teeth, no man could have escaped to tell how sharp they were. The creatures were so numerous that it was impossible to thrust a pole into the mud without stirring up one of them; but they were so terrified at the sudden attack and the shouts that they thought only of escape.

Suddenly there rose a great cry. One of the lassos had snapped, and the alligator was floundering back into the water, when Sambo rushed in up to the armpits and caught the end of the rope. At the same moment two alligators made at the negro with open jaws. It is probable that the animals went in his direction by mere accident, and would have brushed past him in blind haste; but to Martin and Barney, it seemed as if the poor man's fate were sealed and they uttered a loud shout of horror as they bounded simultaneously into the water, not knowing what to do, but being unable to restrain the impulse to spring to Sambo's aid. Fortunately, however, one of the other negroes was near Sambo. He sprang forward and dealt the alligators two tremendous blows with his pole on their snouts, right and left, which turned them off. Then other negroes came up, laid hold of Sambo, who would not let go his hold and was being dragged into deep water, caught the end of the rope, and in ten minutes hauled their victim to the shore, where it was quickly despatched in the usual manner.

By this time about a dozen alligators, varying from ten to twenty feet in length, had been captured; and Barney at length became so bold that he requested to be allowed to try his hand at throwing the lasso, the dexterous use of which by the negroes had filled him with admiration. A loud burst of laughter greeted his proposal, and Sambo showed a set of teeth that might have made even the alligators envious, as he handed the Irishman a coil of line.

"Now, don't miss, Barney," cried Martin, laughing heartily as his comrade advanced to the edge of the lake. "Mind, your credit as an expert hunter is at stake."

The Senhor Antonio stood close behind the Irishman, with his arms folded and a sarcastic smile on his countenance.

"Don't send it down him's throat," yelled Sambo. "Hi-i; dat's de vay to swing um round. Stir um up, boys!—poke um up, villains, hi!"

The negroes in the water obeyed with frantic glee, and the terrified monsters surged about in all directions, so that Barney found it almost impossible to fix his attention on any particular individual. At length he made up his mind, whirled the coil round his head, discharged the noose, caught the Senhor Antonio round the neck, and jerked him violently to the ground!

There was a simultaneous pause of horror among the negroes; but it was too much for them. With one accord they rushed howling into the water to conceal their laughter, and began to stir up and belabour the alligators with their poles; until the surface of the lake was a sheet of foam.

Meanwhile the Senhor Antonio sprang to his feet and began to bluster considerably in Portuguese; but poor Barney seemed awfully crestfallen, and the deep concern which wrinkled his face, and the genuine regret that sounded in the tones of his voice, at length soothed the indignant Brazilian, who frowned gravely, and waving his hand, as if to signify that Barney had his forgiveness, he stalked up to the shed, lighted a cigarette, and lay down in his hammock.

"Well!" said Martin in an undertone, "you did it that time, Barney. I verily thought the old fellow was hanged. He became quite livid in the face."

It was some time before the negroes could effectually subdue their merriment, but at length they succeeded, and applied themselves to the work of cutting out the fat. The alligators were cut open, a work of no small difficulty, owing to the hard scales which covered them as with coats of mail. Then the fat, which accumulates in large quantities about the intestines, was cut out and made up into packets in the skins of the smaller ones, which were taken off for this purpose.

These packets were afterwards carried to the Senhor's dwelling, and the fat melted down into oil.

which served for burning in lamps quite as well as train oil.

From R. M. Ballantyne's
MARTIN RATTLER

Comprehension

A 1. Why did Martin and Barney gaze at Sambo with amazement?
2. How did Sambo attack the first alligator?
3. How was this alligator captured and killed?
4. Why do you think Sambo cut deep gashes in the alligator's tail and neck?
5. Describe the method of catching alligators used by the negroes.
6. In what danger did Sambo suddenly find himself?
7. How was he saved?
8. How was Barney's request to be allowed to use the lasso received by (a) the negroes, (b) his friend, Martin, (c) Senhor Antonio?
9. What was the result of Barney's experiment with the lasso?
10. What was done to the alligators when they were caught?
11. Who is the hero of the adventure described in the pas sage? Who is the most amusing character? Give reasons for your answer.

B Who said the following? When did he say it?
1. 'Mind, your credit as an expert hunter is at stake.'
2. 'Take care, ole feller, or he jump down your throat.'
3. 'You did it that time, Barney.'
4. 'Musha, but that's thrue.'

Language study

1. Write out the speeches of Sambo and Barney in correct English.

2. Which single words in the lesson mean the following?
blush (with anger); with great skill; swung round and round; a long spear with a rope used for catching whales; forcing the air through the nose with a loud noise.
3. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:
reckless; simultaneously; by mere accident: dexterous; sarcastic; amid shouts of triumph; restrain: try his hand at; with one accord; accumulate.
4. Explain the following:
floundered on the surface; like one in a trance; at the root of that formidable appendage; brushed past him in blind haste; as if the poor man's fate were sealed; quickly despatched in the usual manner; surged about in all directions; seemed awfully crestfallen.
5. In each of the phrases below put in the right word for a group or collection (most of the words have been used in your text.):
(a) a——of fish. (b) a——of teeth. (c) a ——of rope. (d) a——of trees.
6. Rewrite as directed:
1. The monster could not be captured without a struggle. (Make the sentence positive.)
2. They grew wild with excitement as they leaped madly about. (Make a simple sentence.)
3. Suddenly there rose a great cry. (Use the adjective form of 'suddenly'.)
4. They threw a second lasso over the tail. (Use the passive voice.)
5. The creatures were so numerous that they could not easily thrust a pole into the mud. (Use *too......to.*)

Composition

1. Give an account of the alligator hunt as if you were Senhor Antonio.

2. Imagine that Barney wrote a letter home to his mother telling her how he lassoed Senhor Antonio instead of an alligator. Write that letter.

3. Imagine Sambo telling his wife and children (in good English) about the alligator hunt. What did he say to them?

8. INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

The incident described in this poem took place during the wars which Napoleon, the great French conqueror, waged against Austria in pursuance of his design to become master of Europe. After a fierce struggle with the French forces, the Austrian army retreated to Ratisbon, town in Bavaria, where the pursuing French soldiers defeated them again and took the town.

The story shows the devotion with which Napoleon was served by his soldiers.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon — soon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay", the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning

1. Who do you think is the narrator of the story?
2. 'With neck out-thrust, you fancy how.' What does the poet mean by the last three words?
3. Quote from the poem words and phrases used to describe the speed with which the boy came to deliver the message.
4. 'You hardly could suspect—' What could you hardly suspect? What was the reason for this?
5. 'The chief's eye flashed.' Why?
6. Explain the *simile* in the last stanza.
7. Explain: 'As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.'
8. Give another suitable title to the poem

9. GULLIVER AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS

Gulliver's Travels, which was written by Jonathan Swift more than two hundred years ago, is still one of the most popular books for children in English literature. Though it reads like a story of adventures, it is really a very clever satire on the politics and the manners and customs of the people of Europe at the time. The adventure described in this extract begins when after a shipwreck Gulliver is cast upon an island, Lilliput, inhabited by a race of tiny people.

I ATTEMPTED to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards. The sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a

shrill but distinct voice *Hekinah degul.* The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all the while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the good fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them: whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonae;* when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still and my design was to continue so till night, when my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me.

When the people observed I was quiet they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for about an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned

that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gestures of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling for a witness; and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of Nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The Hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud *Borach mivola,* and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul.*

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

Soon after I felt great numbers of people on my left side, releasing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right. But before this they had daubed my face, and both my hands, with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's orders, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads.

From Jonathan Swift's
THE VOYAGES OF LEMUEL GULLIVER

Comprehension

1. In what condition did Gulliver find himself when he awoke in Lilliput?
2. Describe the appearance of the people of Lilliput.
3. How did Gulliver release his arm and his hair?
4. The Lilliputians shot a flight of arrows in the air. Why do you think they did this?
5. How did the buff jerkin that he wore help Gulliver?
6. What plan did Gulliver think of in order to get the better of his captors?
7. Why did the Lilliputians build a stage? Why do you think they built it *about a foot and a half* from the ground?
8. 'He acted every part of an orator.' Show how the speaker must have acted the part.
9. How did the Lilliputians feed Gulliver?

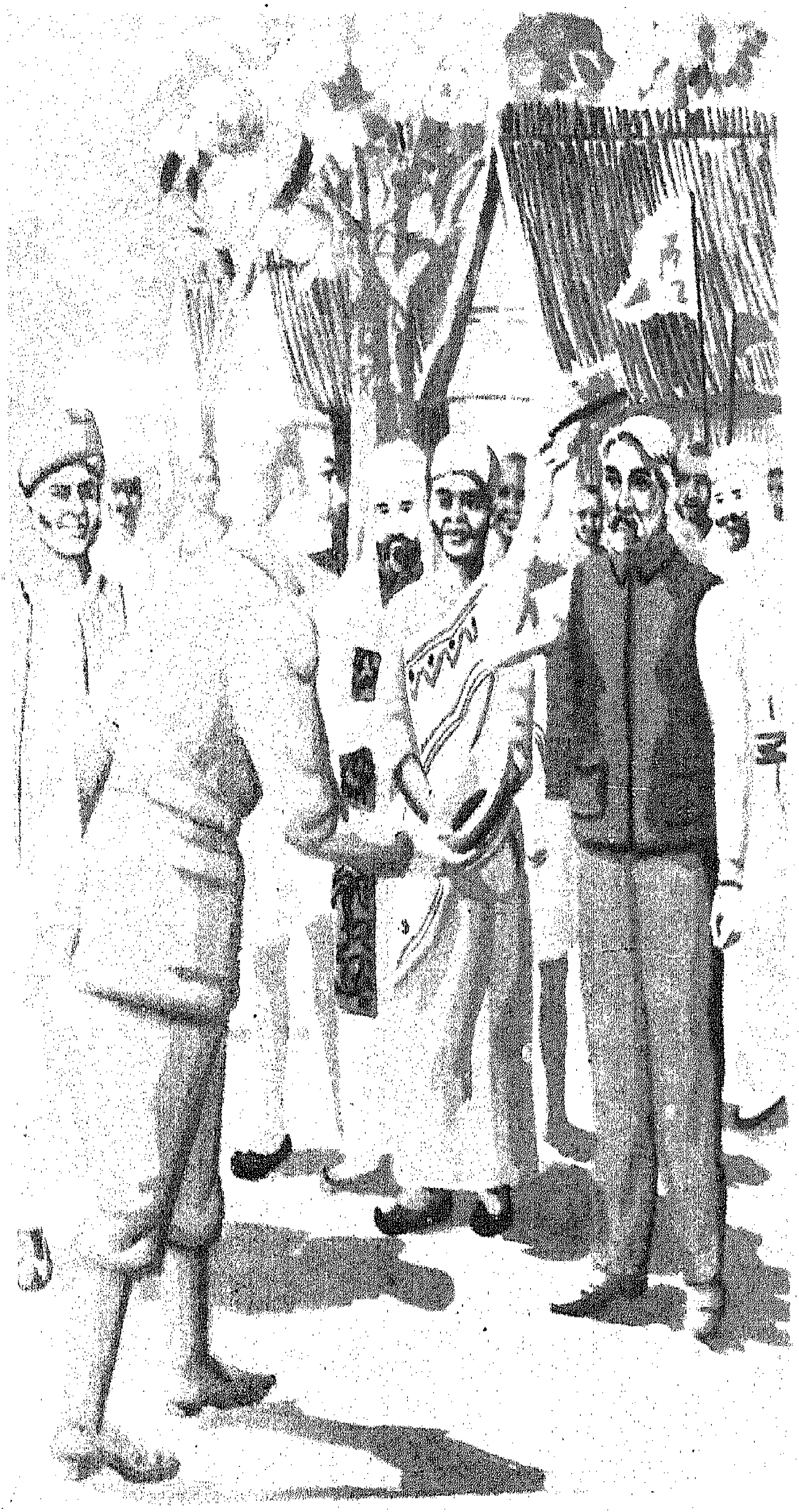
10. Why did they shout and dance upon his breast?
11. What were the laws of hospitality by which Gulliver considered himself bound?
12. 'I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals.' Explain this sentence with reference to the context.
13. 'These circumstances . . . . disposed me to sleep.' What were the circumstances?
14. In what different ways did the tiny creatures of Lilliput behave like ordinary human beings?

Language study

1. Give other words for:
   posture, conjectured, oration, forbear, magnificence, daubed.
2. Use these phrases in sentences of your own:
   by way of admiration; wrench out; in a very shrill accent; be a match for; in the most submissive manner; famished with hunger; laden with.
3. Explain the following:
   slender ligatures; fortune disposed otherwise of me; periods of threatenings; as calling for a witness; the sight of so prodigious a creature.
4. The following words from your text can be used in more than one sense:
   design, smart, intelligence, volley.
   Use each of them in two different senses.
5. The Lilliputians cried *hekinah degul* several times as they looked at Gulliver. What do you think the expression means? Try and translate into English the other remarks made by the little people.

Composition

1. Write down an imaginary translation of the speech made from the platform by the Lilliputian king.
2. Imagine yourself to be one of the Lilliputians, and write an account of the discovery of the sleeping Gulliver on the shore of the island.



'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

10. HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

The meeting between Henry Stanley and David Livingstone in the interior of Africa is one of the great romances of exploration. Stanley was sent by a New York newspaper to Africa to find Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary explorer, with whom the outside world had lost contact for five years. Stanley entered the continent from Zanzibar on the eastern coast. After overcoming innumerable difficulties, he marched into an Arab town named Ujiji on the strength of a report received from the natives that a white man with a white beard was in the town.

The following extract describes in Stanley's own words the dramatic meeting between the two explorers. When he actually saw before him the great man, all that Stanley could say was: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"—words which have become famous in English literature.

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say:

'Good morning, sir!'

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask:

'Who the mischief are you?'

'I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' said he, smiling and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

'What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'In this village?'

'Yes, sir.

'Are you sure?'

Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.'

'Good morning, sir,' said another voice.

'Hello,' said I, 'is this another one?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, what is your name?'

'My name is Chumah, sir.'

'What! Are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And is the Doctor well?'

'Not very well, sir.'

"Where has he been so long?'

'In Manyuema.'

'Now, you, Susi, run and tell the Doctor I am coming.'

'Yes, sir,' and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost prevented our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for, according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, 'How did you come from Unyanyembe?'

Soon Susi came running back and asked me my name. He had told the Doctor that I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the Doctor asked him my name Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and the Doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime the head of the expedition had halted, and Selim said to me, 'I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.' And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said:

'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

'Yes', said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud:

'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

He answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.'

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of 'Yambos' I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who share with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his dwelling. He points to the veranda, or, rather, mud platform under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking his seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the Doctor will not yield: I must take it.

We are seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come down from Manyuena, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

From H. M. Stanley's
HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

Comprehension

1. Why was Stanley startled when he heard Susi's greeting?
2. Why did Stanley find it difficult to believe that Dr. Livingstone was in Ujiji?
3. What kind of welcome did the party receive from the Arabs and the natives of Ujiji?
4. Why do you think the people expressed wonder at the fact that Stanley and his party came from Unyanyembe?

5. What were Stanley's feelings at the prospect of meeting Dr. Livingstone? Why did he want to control these feelings?
6. How does Stanley describe the appearance of Dr. Livingstone?
7. How did Stanley feel and behave when he saw the great explorer? Why does he call himself a coward?
8. Why had such a large crowd collected to witness the meeting between the two explorers?
9. The words uttered by Stanley on meeting Livingstone are regarded as one of the best examples of understatement in literature. Explain how.

Language study

1. Give other words for the following:
   devise, darted, multitude, expedition, allay, oblivious.
2. Explain these expressions:
   animated and joyous; friendly wilderness; slashing at trees; extraordinary circumstances; a living avenue of people; saluting chorus; overhanging eaves; indulging their curiosity.
3. Use these phrases in sentences:
   turn sharply round; push one's way through; vent one's joy; a mad freak; turn a somersault; detract from; walk deliberately.
4. 'Susi was rather staggered.' The word 'staggered' indicates extreme surprise.
   (a) Find two other words from the passage which also indicate surprise, but of a lesser degree.
   (b) Give three more verbs denoting surprise and use them in sentences.

Composition

1. Describe in your own words the dramatic meeting between Stanley and Livingstone.
2. Give a character sketch of Henry Stanley.
3. Write three or four paragraphs on 'The Romance of Exploration.'

11. MRS. WILLOW

Mrs. Willow is a quiet, ordinary woman who leads a very simple life, digging up potatoes, polishing things and keeping her house clean and bright. But there is some mystery about her, and it is this mystery that rouses the poet's curiosity and makes her such an interesting subject for a poem.

Mrs. Thomas Willow seems very glum.
Her life, perhaps, is very lonely and humdrum,
Digging up potatoes, cleaning out the weeds,
Doing the little for a lone woman's needs.
Who was her husband? How long ago?
What does she wonder? What does she know?
Why does she listen over the wall,
Morning and noon-time and twilight and all,
As though unforgotten were some footfall?

'Good-morning, Mrs. Willow,' 'Good-morning, sir,'
Is all the conversation I can get from her.
And her path-stones are white as lilies of the wood,
And she washes this and that till she must be very good.

She sends no letters, and no one calls,
And she doesn't go whispering beyond her walls;
Nothing in her garden is secret, I think—
That's all sun-bright with foxglove and pink,
And she doesn't hover round old cupboards and shelves
As old people do who have buried themselves;

She has no late lamps, and she digs all day
And polishes and plants in a common way,
But glum she is, and she listens now and then
For a footfall, a footfall, a footfall again,
And whether it's hope, or whether it's dread,
Or a poor old fancy in her head,
I shall never be told; it will never be said.

John Drinkwater

1. Show how the poet has struck the keynote of the poem in the two opening lines.

2. How does the poet show that Mrs. Willow's life is 'lonely and humdrum'?

3. What is the mystery about Mrs. Willow? What device does the poet use to indicate that there is a mystery?

4. '...........and she listens now and then
For a footfall, a footfall, a footfall again.'

   What is the effect of the *repetition* in the second line?

5. Give a possible explanation of the mystery surrounding Mrs. Willow.

12. LIFE AMONG THE ESKIMOS

The life and work of the little people of Arctic lands, the Eskimos, has been described with sympathy and understanding by many persons. In the following passage, the writer introduces you to a most interesting aspect of that life—the formalities observed by the Eskimos in exchanging their valuable skins and furs for knives, kettles and other useful articles.

OCTOBER 29 was the day when the sun dropped below the horizon for the winter. One might think the natives would regret its going, but they rejoice instead. The long summer, with the sun always circling overhead, is tiresome. They live in skin tents then, and it is impossible to make these dwellings dark. It is always broad daylight and the eyes ache for darkness.

As soon as the sun disappears the women cry out: "Oh, joy and happiness; the sun is away. Now comes the winter when we shall hear from the fjords, and we ourselves shall go visiting. Now the seals will be at the blowholes."

The winter season must be taken advantage of from the start. For a short period before the snow falls it is possible for the hunters to walk on the ice in their bearskin soles in perfect silence, and thus get near enough to spear the seals at the blowholes before attracting their attention.

As soon as the ice was well formed, Eskimos from distant parts began to arrive at Thule to visit and trade. A whole family would arrive on a sledge. They came at no matter what time of day, for when it is dark the natives have no special period reserved for sleep: they sleep when they are tired.

In our house someone was always awake to receive them. Some of the visitors would begin by refusing to

come in, saying they were only out for a little trip on their way to another settlement. But eventually they came in, and I began the formalities of trading, learnt from Knud. After a good deal of talk about hunting and dogs and children, I would then ask whether the visitor had any fox skins. He would be astounded:

"Foxes? Who, me? Oh, no! It happens that a very poor hunter is present. It takes a skilled hunter to catch a fox."

"I am sorry," I would answer. "I am in great need of really fine fox skins, and I knew that you would have the very best ones."

"Oh, at last I have something to tell at home! It happens that a poor man has been bold enough to enter your house and has teased you. I am no fox hunter."

"But I am desolate. What have you in your bags out there?"

"Nothing to be spoken of in this splendid house. They are just some old scraps we have brought along to wipe our hands with."

"Suppose you let me see them. I am not accustomed to seeing really fine fur."

"Positively not!" he would answer. "They should have been thrown away before we reached this settlement."

After endless haranguing I would persuade the man to fetch his bags inside. One such customer dumped fifty or more fine skins on the floor. The wife had chewed every ounce of fat from them, and the fur was rich and lustrous. At this point I sat down and rubbed my eyes, as if I could not believe that I beheld such excellent skins.

Finally, after this palaver had wasted several hours, I asked him to stuff them into his bags again! I wanted

to buy them, I said, but I had nothing with which to pay for such incomparable pelts.

"You wouldn't fool me and pretend that I would dare accept anything for such a filthy heap! Take them as a gift."

And then at last came the actual bargaining. I said: "I am overjoyed to own these skins, and I would like to give you some of the worthless stuff we brought with us."

The tone changed slightly: "We would be so happy to have anything you give us."

"Here," I said, "you take the key and go and look

through our storehouse. I am ashamed to go with you and witness your disappointment."

This was the high point of the bargaining. The customer and his wife took the key and disappeared into the store. Some of the local Eskimos who were familiar with the stock went with them and explained the value of different items. I knew that everything in the store would be taken down. Every kettle would be peered into. The natives knew what they wanted and looked out for themselves. Sometimes they remained in the store for more than half a day. It mattered little how long they stayed—I had already appraised the fur, and knew what I could afford to pay for it.

Occasionally an Eskimo would tell us that we asked too little for our trade goods. One old man offered me five fox pelts for a knife. "No," I said, "a knife costs less than one fox."

He said mildly: "My tongue may fall out because I protest against a white man. Nevertheless, I must speak. You cannot know that for one year I am without a big knife. Therefore, I give you so many skins." He had seen people die of exposure because they had no knife to cut snow-houses, or starve before a walrus they could not carve up. In Eskimo logic, goods possess value according to the buyer's need, and the buyer should decide the price.

From Peter Freuchen's
ARCTIC ADVENTURE

Comprehension

A 1. Why do the eyes of the Eskimos ache for darkness?
2. How do they hunt the seals?
3. Why is there no fixed time for sleeping in the land of the Eskimos?

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4. How did the formalities of trading with the Eskimos usually begin? Show that the author had learnt these formalities very well.
5. 'This was the high point of the bargaining.' What was the high point?
6. What was the real reason why the author did not go with the Eskimos into the storehouse?
7. Why did the customers sometimes remain in the storehouse for more than half a day?
8. What is the essence of Eskimo logic about buying and selling?

E Say whether the following statements are true or false:

1. The Eskimo always lives in a skin tent.
2. Seal hunting is the principal occupation of the Eskimo.
3. Eskimo women chew all the fat from skins to make them rich and lustrous.
4. The Eskimo is a shrewd bargainer.
5. In the eyes of the Eskimo, a big knife is worth several fox pelts.

Language study

1. Which words in the passage mean the following?
   line at which earth and sky appear to meet; at last; idle talk; long and noisy speech-making; that cannot be compared; judged the value of.
2. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:
   tiresome; take advantage of; astounded; desolate; accustomed to; lustrous; peer into; die of exposure.
3. The following words from the passage can be used in more than one sense:
   ache, seal, settlement, stuff.
   Make sentences with each word using it in two different senses.

Composition

1. Describe in your own words the methods of trading followed by the Eskimos.
2. Write an imaginary account of a day's visit in Eskimo Land.

13. LAUGH AND BE MERRY

The poem is a simple plea for joy and laughter in life. The poet wants us to laugh and battle and work and enjoy all the beauty and happiness that are to be found on this earth.

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh, and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry: remember, in olden time,
God made Heaven and Earth for the joy He took in a rhyme,
Made them and filled them full with the strong red wine of His mirth,
The splendid joy of the stars: the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music
ends.

Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry,
my friends.

John Masefield

1. Each stanza gives a separate reason for laughter and merriment. State these reasons.
2. What is the 'blow' with which the poet wants us to better the world?
3. What striking examples of *repetition* do you find in the poem?
4. Give three fine examples of *metaphors* used in the poem.
5. Explain:
   the old proud pageant of man; the strong red wine of his mirth; guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn.

14. TOM TRIES TO PLAY TRUANT

This extract is taken from the famous book, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,* written for American boys and girls by Mark Twain, one of the greatest American humorists. The book is full of fun and describes many amusing experiences of Tom Sawyer, the hero, and his playmates.

MONDAY morning found Tom Sawyer miserable. Monday morning always found him so—because it began another week's slow suffering in school. He generally began that day with wishing he had had no intervening holiday, it made the going into captivity and fetters again so much more odious.

Tom lay thinking. Presently it occurred to him that he wished he was sick; then he could stay home from school. Here was a vague possibility. He canvassed his system. No ailment was found, and he investigated again. This time he thought he could detect colicky symptoms, and he began to encourage them with considerable hope. But they soon grew feeble, and presently died wholly away. He reflected further. Suddenly he discovered something. One of his upper front teeth was loose. This was lucky; he was about to begin to groan, as a "starter," as he called it, when it occurred to him that if he came into court with that argument, his aunt would pull it out, and that would hurt. So he thought he would hold the tooth in reserve for the present, and seek further. Nothing offered for some little time, and then he remembered hearing the doctor tell about a certain thing that laid up a patient for two or three weeks and threatened to make him lose a finger. So the boy eagerly drew his sore toe from under the sheet and held it up for inspection. But now he did not know the necessary symptoms. However, it seemed well worth while to chance it, so he fell to groaning with considerable spirit.

But Sid slept on unconscious.

Tom groaned louder, and fancied that he began to feel pain in the toe.

No result from Sid.

Tom was panting with his exertions by this time. He took a rest and then swelled himself up and fetched a succession of admirable groans.

Sid snored on.

Tom was aggravated. He said, "Sid, Sid!" and shook him. This course worked well, and Tom began to groan again. Sid yawned, stretched, then brought himself up on his elbow with a snort, and began to stare at Tom. Tom went on groaning. Sid said:

"Tom! Say, Tom!" (No response.) "Here, Tom! *Tom*! What is the matter, Tom?" And he shook him and looked in his face anxiously.

Tom moaned out:

"Oh, don't, Sid. Don't joggle me."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? I must call auntie."

"No—never mind. It'll be over by and by, maybe. Don't call anybody."

"But I must! *Don't* groan so, Tom, it's awful. How long have you been this way?"

"Hours. Ouch! Oh, don't stir so, Sid, you'll kill me."

"Tom, why didn't you wake me sooner? Oh, Tom, *don't*! It makes my flesh crawl to hear you. Tom, what *is* the matter?"

"I forgive you everything, Sid. (Groan.) Everything you've ever done to me. When I'm gone—"

"Oh, Tom, you ain't dying, are you? Don't, Tom —oh, don't. Maybe—"

"I forgive everybody, Sid. (Groan.) Tell'em so, Sid. And Sid, you give my window-sash and my cat with one eye to that new girl that's come to town, and tell her—"

But Sid had snatched his clothes and was gone. Tom was suffering in reality now, so handsomely was his imagination working, and so his groans had gathered quite a genuine tone.

Sid flew downstairs and said:

"Oh, Aunt Polly, come! Tom's dying!"

"Dying!"

"Yes'm. Don't wait—come quick!"

"Rubbish! I don't believe it!"

But she fled upstairs, nevertheless, with Sid and Mary at her heels. And her face grew white, too, and her lip trembled. When she reached the bedside she gasped out:

"You, Tom! Tom, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, auntie, I'm —"

"What's the matter with you—what *is* the matter with you, child?"

"Oh, auntie, my sore toe's mortified!"

The old lady sank down into a chair and laughed a little, then cried a little, then did both together. This restored her and she said:

"Tom, what a turn you did give me. Now you shut up that nonsense and climb out of this."

The groans ceased and the pain vanished from the toe. The boy felt a little foolish, and he said:

"Aunt Polly, it *seemed* mortified, and it hurt so I never minded my tooth at all."

"Your tooth, indeed! What's the matter with your tooth?"

"One of them's loose, and it aches perfectly awful."

"There, there, now don't begin that groaning again. Open your mouth. Well—your tooth *is* loose, but you're not going to die about that. Mary, get me a silk thread, and a chunk of fire out of the kitchen."

Tom said:

"Oh, please auntie, don't pull it out. It don't hurt any more. I wish I may never stir if it does. Please don't, auntie. I don't want to stay home from school."

"Oh, you don't, don't you? So all this row was because you thought you'd get to stay home from school and go a-fishing? Tom, Tom, I love you so, and you seem to try every way you can to break my old heart with your outrageousness." By this time the dental instruments were ready. The old lady made one end of the silk thread fast to Tom's tooth with a loop and tied the other to the bedpost. Then she seized the chunk of fire and suddenly thrust it almost into the boy's face. The tooth hung dangling by the bedpost, now.

From Mark Twain's

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

Comprehension

1. Why did Tom Sawyer feel miserable particularly on Monday mornings?
2. 'There was no ailment, and he investigated again.' Why did Tom do this? How do you think he 'investigated'?
3. Why did his first two complaints not suit his purpose?
4. What complaint did he finally select?
5. What result did Tom expect from Sid? Why was Tom 'aggravated'?
6. How did Tom succeed in making Sid believe that his illness was very serious?
7. How did Aunt Polly react to the news that Tom was seriously ill?
8. Why did Aunt Polly both laugh and cry at the same time? When do people generally laugh and cry at the same time?
9. How was Tom's tooth extracted? What do you suppose was the use of the chunk of fire?
10. Tom expected good results by pretending to be ill. Were the results according to his expectations?
11. What reasons would you give for the following?
    - (a) He (Tom) thought he would hold his tooth in reserve for the present.
    - (b) Tom was suffering in reality now.
    - (c) Sid had snatched his clothes and was gone.
    - (d) The boy felt a little foolish.
12. Which is the most humorous situation in the story?

Language study

1. Give other words for the following:
   reflected, aggravated, ailments, symptoms.
2. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:
   ailment; fetters; a vague possibility; argument; hold in reserve; in reality; dangling.
3. Express in another way the following:
    - (a) He canvassed his system.
    - (b) He could detect colicky symptoms.
    - (c) (He) fetched a succession of admirable groans.
    - (d) 'What a turn you did give me!'

4. Find the word or phrase in each group in List B which is nearest in meaning to the word written in the same line in List A:

	List A	*List B*
(a)	odious	- (i) fragrant, (ii) hateful, (iii) pleasant.
(b)	intervening	- (i) continuing, (ii) linking, (iii) coming in between.
(c)	joggle	- (i) wake, (ii) shake, (iii) quake.

5. Turn the following into indirect speech:

Tom moaned out: "Oh, don't Sid. Don't joggle me."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? I must call auntie."

"No—never mind. It'll be over by and by, maybe, Don't call anybody."

"But I must! Don't groan so, Tom, it's awful. How long have you been this way?"

Composition

1. Tell this story as if you were Tom Sawyer.
2. Write in the form of a story a humorous experience of your own or a humorous incident which you have read in a book.
3. Write an essay on: 'A Visit to the Dentist.'

15. THE HOME-COMING OF THE SHEEP

This poem describes the home-coming of the sheep on the hillsides of Greece, but the description is largely true of the home-coming of sheep on the hillside anywhere. There is fine music as well as pleasing imagery in the three verses.

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white,
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall,
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight,
And the climbing moon grows small.

Francis Ledwidge

1. Why is the evening 'red and still'? What is meant by 'cropping with a hurried will'?
2. Describe the picture presented in the second stanza.
3. Explain why there is only 'one bell-ring o'er the brooks.'
4. Explain the imagery in the last two lines.
5. The poet has made the poem musical by the unusual rhyme scheme, the skilful use of *alliteration* and the careful selections of words producing musical sounds. Illustrate this from the poem.
6. Explain:
'The ferny curtained waterfall.'

16. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The two greatest names in American history are those of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. While Washington was the founder of the United States of America, Lincoln has been called the saviour of that nation. This short biography of Lincoln by E. M. Carter tells you about his early life, his rise to power, his great championship of the cause of slave freedom and his statesmanship which saved the United States from disaster.

I

Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809, the year which also saw the birth of Darwin, Tennyson and Gladstone. He was descended from a Quaker family of English origin who once resided in Pennsylvania. The phrase 'From log cabin to White House' has for a long time represented not only the romance of Lincoln's career, but also the chance of any little backwoodsboy to become President of the United States.

Lincoln grew up a real backwoodsman, living with his parents a rough, wandering existence in the vast Wild West of America, as they tried their luck at one settlement after another. In all his life he had less than twelve months' schooling. He taught himself almost everything he knew, learning from the very few but good books his family possessed. These included the *Bible*, *Aesop's Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. He read and re-read them until their language became part of him. This is why Lincoln's speeches in later years were phrased in simple and dignified language which lifts them at once out of the commonplace and gives them their unique place in American literature.

Lincoln was an odd and very original boy, tall and

lanky and rather striking to look at, but far from handsome. He combined great strength with great gentleness. Cruelty he always hated. He could not bear to kill any living creature, and he loathed the way in which slaves were often made to suffer.

Very early he broke from his family and started to make his own career in the State of Illinois. He began as a store-keeper, and after many odd jobs he became a lawyer's clerk until at last he settled down in Springfield as a lawyer himself. He soon became a politician as well, for he was elected a member of the Illinois State Legislature (Parliament). It was a rough but exciting training ground for a future statesman. There is nothing distinguished about Lincoln's early career, unless it be that at a time when corruption and intrigue were beginning to soil American politics, he kept a reputation for honesty, loyalty and outspokenness. Through these years of obscurity, he kept faith in his own future destiny.

Although for a short time he was a member of Congress at Washington, it was not until eighteen years after he had settled in Springfield, when he was forty-six years old, that 'the life-story of Abraham Lincoln became one with the life-story of the American people.' That story was crammed into the short space of ten years, as full of romance and glory and tragedy as have fallen to the lot of any man.

When peace was signed between Great Britain and the United States in 1763, the new American Republic consisted of thirteen States along the Atlantic coast. The Northern States were engaged mostly in farming, fishing and manufacture, while in the South were large plantations where cotton and tobacco were grown with the help of African negro slaves. In the

North, slavery did not exist. In the South, it not only flourished but was looked upon as necessary for the prosperous and dignified life of the planters. There was much that was cruel and degrading about American slavery, and much that was happy and humane. But as Lincoln said, 'If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.' The struggle began because the Southern States were not content merely to keep the slave system as it existed, without any reforms, but wanted to extend it to as many as possible of the new States which were rapidly added to the Union between 1784 and 1854.

The Republican party, of which Lincoln was one of the founders, stood for the principle that there should be no further extension of slavery in the United States. Lincoln and his friends believed that to stamp out slavery they must wait, but that they must not wait to declare against the principle of slavery. Lincoln's position was quite clear. He believed slavery to be wrong and saw that he could have no common ground with those who believed it to be right. He also saw that 'a house divided against itself could not stand,' and that the United States could not for long remain half slave and half free. This was the faith of the Republican party, and because Lincoln was one of their most respected and also most moderate leaders, it was not long before he was nominated for President. 'Well,' said one of the delegates who visited Lincoln to invite him to stand for office 'we might have chosen a handsomer article, but I doubt whether a better.'

As there was a split in the opposite or Democratic party, the result of the election was not in doubt, and in November 1860, Abraham Lincoln became the first Republican President of the United States. Although the names of Republican and Democrat have lost most

of their original meaning, they are still used in American politics.

II

It was only too clear that Lincoln would not for long be President of a united country. Immediately on his election, he had to face the gravest decision ever made by any American President. The dissatisfied Southern States at once prepared to leave the Union, to sever all connection with their fellow-countrymen in the North and to set up in the South a Confederacy of Slave States. It was for Lincoln to decide whether they were to be allowed to do this, or whether the Union must be safeguarded by Civil War.

There is no doubt that the South seceded and afterwards fought for one main object, to keep, and, if necessary, extend the slave system which had made them so prosperous. They also held passionately that they had a right to break away from the Union if they wished. On these issues they were firm, and as soon as the Republican victory in the elections was clear, they prepared to fight. The North were against any extension of slavery, and they were also determined that the Union should not be broken for any cause whatever.

Although the Civil War, which now broke out between North and South, was concerned with the issue of slavery, another great question had first to be decided. Had any of the States of the Union the right to secede and form a separate State? The South said 'yes'; the North said an emphatic 'no.' It was this question above all others, even above that of slavery, that President Lincoln was determined to face. From the beginning Lincoln refused to compromise. He treated the Southern States as rebels, and he would hear no talk of coming to terms. The *United* States of America must be saved, and must become the great nation that Washington and other founders intended. For this ideal Lincoln, hating war as he did, accepted the challenge of a Civil War in which for four years (1861-65) men hated and killed their fellow-countrymen.

On the question of slavery, Lincoln moved slowly and patiently. He was a very different kind of hero from the famous John Brown, who was filled with such anger against the slave-owners that he raided the Slave States and freed many slaves and was hanged for it in 1859. Lincoln hated lawlessness; he did not easily 'see red,' and he had little sympathy for John Brown. But in spite of his patience, he felt very keenly the cruelties of slavery; and when in 1862 he thought the moment was ripe, he issued a proclamation declaring that all slaves in the States which were rebelling against the Union should be 'henceforward and forever free.'

This move of Lincoln's meant that there could be no going back, and that if war ended in victory for the North, slavery would be at an end in all the States. It also meant that thousands of slaves left their work in the South and joined the Northern armies, greatly weakening the Southern cause. Through the wise guidance of Lincoln and the rough genius of General Grant, the North gradually triumphed, until in April 1865, General Lee, the brave commander of the South, made his final surrender.

Lincoln was not a military expert. His work during the war was, however, very difficult and very successful. He kept peace among the different factions of the North, he chose and loyally supported his generals, he kept up the courage of the people when the cause of the North seemed lost. Above all, he was a great moral

force, a President to whom everyone could look as being above suspicion, of high character and high ideals. His speeches lifted his cause above the horrors of war, and their simple and noble language lived in the memory. The final words of his speech at Gettysburg, in honour of those who had fallen in the war, are unforgettable:

'It is for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that *government of the people, by the people, for the people* shall not perish from the earth.'

Before the end of the war, Lincoln was elected President for a second term. 'Both parties deprecated war,' he said in his address, 'but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish.' Later in the speech came the immortal words, 'With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

Five days after General Lee's surrender, and before peace was declared, Abraham Lincoln was shot as he sat in his box at the theatre by a young and half-crazy actor named John Wilkes Booth, who was an embittered partisan of the South. Lincoln died the following morning, his work still incomplete.

'Now,' said one of his friends, as the end came, 'he belongs to the ages.'

Abridged from E. H. Carter's
PIONEERS OF THE MODERN WORLD

Comprehension

1. What does the expression 'From log cabin to White House' signify?
2. Show how Lincoln was in the true sense of the word a self-educated man.
3. How did the books that Lincoln read affect the style of his speeches?
4. Why does the writer refer to Lincoln as 'an odd and very original boy'?
5. Give an account of Lincoln's early career.
6. What was the basic cause of the struggle between the Northern States and the Southern States?
7. What was the attitude of Lincoln and his party towards slavery?
8. Why had Lincoln to take a very grave decision soon after his election as President?
9. What were the two great issues involved in the Civil War?
10. Which one of these issues did Lincoln regard as more important and why?
11. Why did Lincoln move slowly and patiently in the matter of the freedom of slaves?
12. What firm step did he take for the abolition of slavery?
13. What qualities of character were responsible for Lincoln's success in the difficult years of the Civil War?
14. Explain the significance of the words 'government of the people, by the people, for the people.' Why have these words become so famous?

15. With reference to Lincoln's second inaugural address, show that he was a great man and a great statesman.

Language study

1. Which word in *List B* is nearest in meaning to each of the words in *List A*?

   List A: loathed, outspokenness, nominated, flourished, emphatic, secede, factions, deprecated, immortal.

   List B: withdraw, named, detested, disapproved, parties, frankness, undying, definite, prospered.

2. Use these phrases in sentences of your own:
   keep a reputation for; stamp out; have no common ground with; sever all connection with; come to terms; accept the challenge; a great moral force; above suspicion.

3. Express in another way the following:
   a rough, wandering existence; years of obscurity; unique place in American literature; crammed into the short space of ten years; refused to compromise; the moment was ripe; the last full measure of devotion; with malice towards none; to bind up the nation's wounds; an embittered partisan.

4. Explain with reference to the context the following:
   (a) 'We might have chosen a handsomer article, but I doubt whether a better.'
   (b) 'A house divided against itself could not stand.'
   (c) 'Now he belongs to the ages.'

Composition

1. Give in your own words the story of Abraham Lincoln bringing out the 'romance and glory and tragedy' of his life.
2. Write a few paragraphs on 'Books that have influenced me.'

17. IT'S A QUEER WORLD

The two scenes given here are from the play *Abraham Lincoln* by John Drinkwater. They reveal several aspects of Lincoln's character and personality about which you have read in the preceding lesson. The pardoning of William Scott, the guard who had been found asleep at his post and was about to be shot, shows how essentially kind and humane Lincoln was, even during the most critical period of the Civil War.

SCENE I

(An April evening in 1865. A farmhouse near Appomatox. General Grant, Commander-in-Chief under Lincoln, of the Northern Armies, is seated at a table with Captain Malins, an aide-de-camp. Dennis, an orderly, sits at a table writing. Enter President Lincoln. Grant rises, and salutes.)

GRANT: I wasn't expecting you, sir.

LINCOLN: No; but I couldn't keep away. How's it going?

(They sit.)

GRANT: Meade sent word an hour and a half ago that Lee was surrounded all but two miles, which was closing in.

LINCOLN: That ought to settle it, eh?

GRANT: Unless anything goes wrong in those two miles, sir. I'm expecting a further report from Meade every minute.

LINCOLN: Would there be more fighting?

GRANT: It will probably mean fighting through the night, more or less. But Lee must realize that it's hopeless before the morning.

AN ORDERLY *(entering)*: A despatch sir.

GRANT: Yes.

(The orderly goes, and a young officer comes in

from the field. He salutes and hands a despatch to Grant.)

OFFICER: From General Meade, sir.

GRANT *(taking it)*: Thank you. *(He opens it and reads.)* You needn't wait. *(The officer salutes and goes.)* Yes, they've closed the ring. Meade gives them ten hours. It's timed at eight. That's six o'clock in the morning. *(He hands the despatch to Lincoln.)*

LINCOLN: We must be merciful. Bob Lee has been a gallant fellow.

GRANT *(taking a paper)*: Perhaps you'll look through this list, sir. I hope it's the last we shall have.

LINCOLN *(taking the paper)*: It's a horrible part of the business, Grant. Any shootings?

GRANT: One.

LINCOLN: Why can't you do without it, Grant? No, no, of course not. Who is it?

GRANT: Malins!

MALINS *(opening a book)*: William Scott, sir. It's rather a hard case.

LINCOLN: What is it?

MALINS: He had just done a heavy march, sir, and volunteered for double guard duty to relieve a sick friend. He was found asleep at his post. *(He shuts the book.)*

GRANT: I was anxious to spare him. But it couldn't be done. It was a critical place, at a gravely critical time.

LINCOLN: When is it to be?

MALINS: Tomorrow, at daybreak, sir.

LINCOLN: I don't see it will do him any good to be shot. Where is he?

MALINS: Here, sir.

LINCOLN: Can I go and see him?

Grant: Where is he?

Malins: In the barn, I believe, sir.

Grant: Dennis!

Dennis (*coming from his table*): Yes, sir.

Grant: Ask them to bring Scott in here. (*Dennis goes.*) I want to see Colonel West. Malins, ask Templeman if those figures are ready yet. (*He goes, and Malins follows. William Scott is brought in under guard. He is a boy of twenty.*)

Lincoln (*to the guard*): Thank you. Wait outside, will you? (*The men salute and withdraw.*) Are you William Scott?

Scott: Yes, sir.

Lincoln: You know who I am?

Scott: Yes, sir.

Lincoln: The General tells me you've been court-martialled.

Scott: Yes, sir.

Lincoln: Asleep on guard?

Scott: Yes, sir.

Lincoln: It's a very serious offence.

Scott: I know, sir.

Lincoln: What was it?

Scott (*a pause*): I couldn't keep awake, sir.

Lincoln: You'd had a long march?

Scott: Twenty-three miles, sir.

Lincoln: You were doing double guard?

Scott: Yes, sir.

Lincoln: Who ordered you?

Scott: Well, sir, I offered.

Lincoln: Why?

Scott: Enoch White—he was sick, sir. We come from the same place.

Lincoln: Where's that?

Scott: Vermont, sir.

Lincoln: You live there?

Scott: Yes, sir. My. . . We've got a farm down there, sir.

Lincoln: Who has?

Scott: My mother, sir. I've got her photograph sir. (*He takes it from his pocket.*)

Lincoln (*taking it*): Does she know about this?

Scott: For God's sake, don't, sir.

Lincoln: There, there, my boy. You're not going to be shot.

Scott (*after a pause*): Not going to be shot, sir?

Lincoln: No, no.

Scott: Not — going — to — be —shot. (*He breaks down, sobbing.*)

Lincoln (*rising and going to him*): There, there. I believe you when you tell me that you couldn't keep awake. I'm going to trust you, and send you back to your regiment. (*He goes back to his seat.*)

Scott: When may I go back, sir?

Lincoln: You can go back tomorrow. I expect the fighting will be over, though.

Scott: Is it over yet, sir?

Lincoln: Not quite.

Scott: Please, sir, let me go back tonight—let me go back tonight.

Lincoln: Very well. (*He writes.*) Do you know where General Meade is?

Scott: No, sir.

Lincoln: Ask one of those men to come here. (*Scott calls one of his guards in.*) Your prisoner is discharged. Take him at once to General Meade with this. (*He hands a note to the man.*)

The Soldier: Yes, sir.

Scott: Thank you, sir. (*He salutes, and goes out with the soldier.*)

SCENE II

(*The next morning. The same room. Lincoln is drinking coffee and eating biscuits. Grant comes in.*)

Grant: Good morning, sir.

Lincoln: Good morning, General.

Grant: I didn't disturb you last night. A message has just come from Meade. Lee asked for a treaty at four o'clock.

Lincoln (*after a silence*): For four years life has been but the hope of this moment. It is strange how simple it is when it comes. Grant, you've served the country very truly, and you've made my work possible. (*He takes his hand.*) Thank you.

Grant: Had I failed, the fault would not have been yours, sir. I succeeded because you believed in me.

Lincoln: Where is Lee?

Grant: He's coming here. Meade should arrive directly.

Lincoln: Where will Lee wait?

Grant: There's a room ready for him. Will you receive him, sir?

Lincoln: No, no, Grant. That's your affair. You are to mention no political matters. Be generous. But I needn't say that.

Grant (*taking a paper from his pocket*): Those are the terms I suggest.

Lincoln (*reading*): Yes, yes. They do you honour.

(*An orderly comes in.*)

Orderly: General Meade is here, sir.

Grant: Ask him to come here.

Orderly: Yes, sir. (*He goes.*)

Grant: I learnt a good deal from Robert Lee in early days. He's a better man than most of us. This business will go pretty near the heart, sir.

Lincoln: I'm glad it's to be done by a brave gentleman, Grant.

(*General Meade and Captain Sone, his aide-de-camp, come in. Meade salutes.*)

Congratulations, Meade. You've done well.

Meade: Thank you, sir.

Grant: Was there much more fighting?

Meade: Pretty hot for an hour or two.

Grant: How long will Lee be?

Meade: Only a few minutes, I should say, sir.
Grant: You said nothing about terms?
Meade: No, sir.
Lincoln: Did a boy Scott come to you?
Meade: Yes, sir. He went into action at once. He was killed, wasn't he, Sone?
Sone: Yes, sir.
Lincoln: Killed? It's a queer world, Grant. . . Good-bye, Grant. Report at Washington as soon as you can. (*He shakes hands with him.*) Good-bye, gentlemen. (*He goes out.*)

From John Drinkwater's
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Comprehension

1. From Grant's and Lincoln's opening remarks, what stage do you think the war had reached?
2. Who was Lee?
3. What was the substance of the despatch sent by General Meade to General Grant?
4. What was in the list that Grant gave to Lincoln? Why did Lincoln refer to it as 'horrible'?
5. Why was Scott going to be shot? What explanation of his conduct did he give to Lincoln?
6. 'My mother, sir. I've got her photograph, sir.' Why do you think the playwright brings in this sentence here?
7. Why did Scott, instead of being overjoyed, break down on hearing that he was not to be shot?
8. What was the significance of the message from Meade received at night?
9. 'For four years life has been but the hope of this moment.' What is the 'hope' and what is the 'moment' referred to?

10. 'It is strange how simple it is when it comes.' What does Lincoln mean here?
11. 'This business will go pretty near the heart, sir,' What is the meaning and significance of this remark?
12. What are the 'terms' referred to by Grant?
13. Justify the title of this extract.
14. Who said the following and why was it said?
    - (a) 'I hope it's the last we shall have.'
    - (b) 'It's rather a hard case.'
    - (c) 'No, but I couldn't keep awake.'
    - (d) 'Please, sir, let me go back tonight.'
    - (e) 'You are to mention no political matters.'
    - (f) 'Pretty hot for an hour or two.'

Language study

1. Explain the following:
   all but two miles, which was closing in; they've closed the ring; under guard; for double guard duty.
2. The scenes from the play given in the lesson have a military setting. What do the following words connected with the army mean?
   court-martialled, treaty, aide-de-camp, orderly, despatch.

Composition

1. Imagine that, immediately after leaving Lincoln's presence, William Scott wrote a letter to his mother about his interview with the President. Write the imaginary letter.
2. Tell the story of Scott as if you were Captain Malins.
3. Write three or four paragraphs on the character of Abraham Lincoln as revealed in the two scenes from the play. Quote the lines which bring out the different qualities of the man.

18. HOHENLINDEN

The poem describes in a series of vivid pictures a terrible battle that was fought between the Austrians and the French in 1800 at a place called Hohenlinden in Austria. Near Hohenlinden or Linden, as the poet has named it, runs the Iser, a tributary of the Danube, and on the river stands the city of Munich. The battle took place in winter, and the Austrians who were attacked by the French in the driving snow suffered a crushing defeat.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
  Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
  The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
  To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
  Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
  Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
  Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
  And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
  Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell

1. What picture of Hohenlinden before the battle is presented in the poem?
2. Describe any two striking scenes of the battle.
3. Give the picturesque phrases used by the poet to express the following:
   death-dealing guns; the joy of fighting; thunderbolt; the smoke on the battlefield.
4. Quote lines from the poem in which the sounds of the words suggest the sounds of the preparations for battle.
5. There is deep rolling music in the poem. In which stanza do you have the best example of such music?
6. Give examples from the poem of *simile* and *alliteration.*
7. What is the poet's attitude towards war? Illustrate your answer by quoting lines from the poem.

19. THE METHOD OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

Sherlock Holmes, a character created by the English writer, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is the most famous detective in fiction. The extract given here is from the opening pages of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's well-known book *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* It illustrates the method followed by Sherlock Holmes in the detection of a crime. A walking stick has been left behind by a visitor in the detective's rooms in London. Holmes and his friend, Dr. Watson, examine it to see what they can discover about its owner.

Mr. SHERLOCK HOLMES, who was usually very late in the mornings, save upon those not infrequent occasions when he stayed up all night, was seated at the breakfast table. I stood upon the hearth-rug and picked up the stick which our visitor had left behind him the night before. It was a fine, thick piece of wood, bulbous-headed, of the sort which is known as a "Penang lawyer." Just under the head was a broad silver band, nearly an inch across. "To James Mortimer, M.R.C.S., from his friends of the C.C.H.," was engraved upon it, with the date "1884." It was just such a stick as the old-fashioned family practitioner used to carry—dignified, solid and reassuring.

"Well, Watson, what do you make of it?"

Holmes was sitting with his back to me, and I had given him no sign of my occupation.

"How did you know what I was doing? I believe you have eyes in the back of your head."

"I have, at least, a well-polished, silver-plated coffee-pot in front of me," said he. "But, tell me, Watson, what do you make of our visitor's stick? Since we have been so unfortunate as to miss him and have no notion of his errand, this accidental souvenir becomes of importance. Let me hear you reconstruct the man by an examination of it."

"I think," said I, following so far as I could the methods of my companion, "that Dr. Mortimer is a successful elderly medical man, well esteemed, since those who know him gave him this mark of their appreciation."

"Good!" said Holmes. "Excellent!"

"I think also that the probability is in favour of his being a country practitioner who does a great deal of his visiting on foot."

"Why so?"

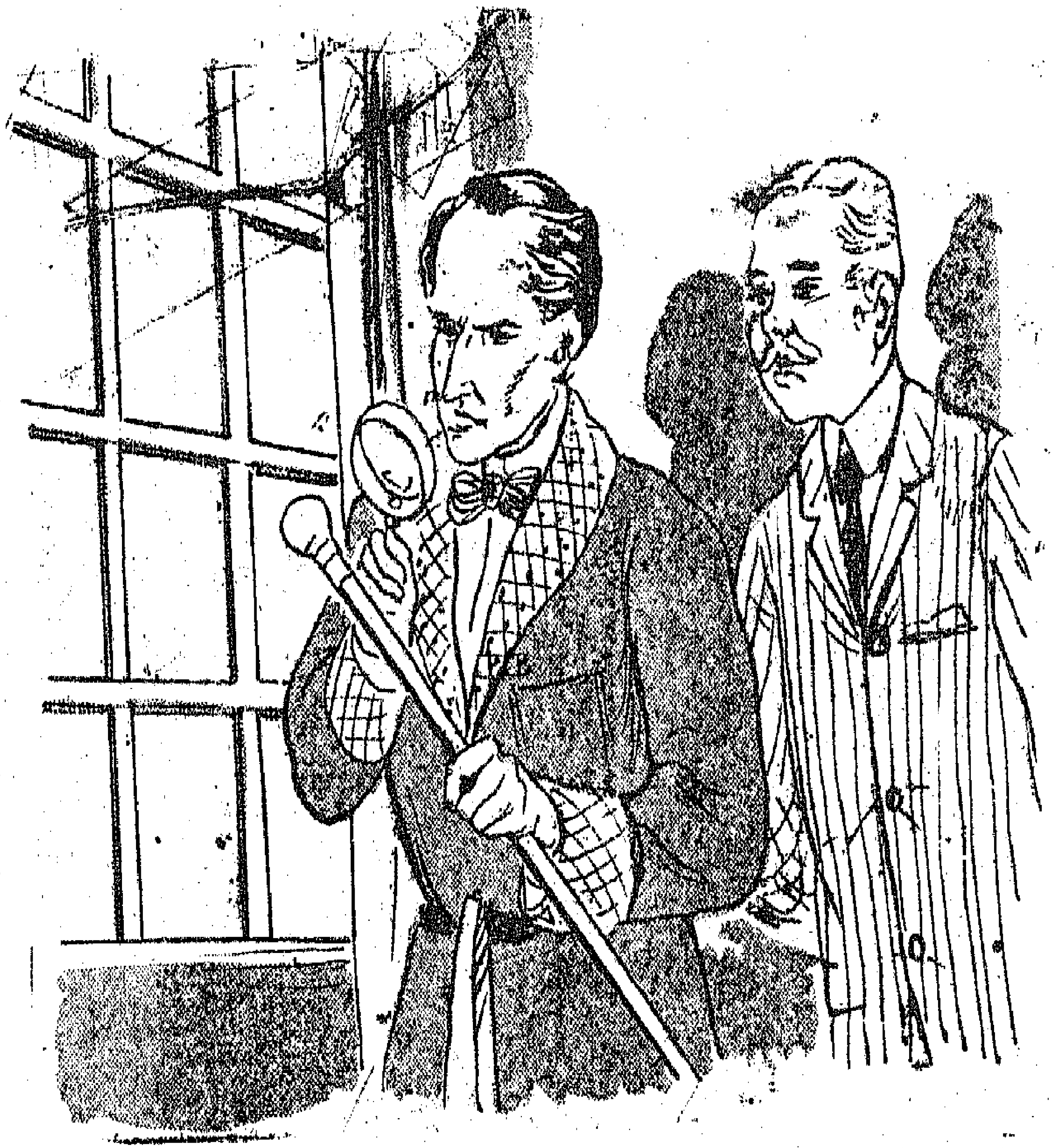
"Because this stick, though originally a very handsome one, has been so knocked about that I can hardly imagine a town practitioner carrying it. The thick iron ferrule is worn down, so it is evident that he has done a great amount of walking with it."

"Perfectly sound!" said Holmes.

"And then again, there is the 'friends of the C.C.H. I should guess that to be the Something Hunt, the local hunt to whose members he has possibly given some surgical assistance, and which has made him a small presentation in return."

"Really, Watson, you excel yourself," said Holmes, pushing back his chair and lighting a cigarette. "I am bound to say that in all the accounts which you have been so good as to give of my own small achievements you have habitually underrated your own abilities. It may be that you are not yourself luminous, but you are a conductor of light. Some people without possessing genius have a remarkable power of stimulating it. I confess, my dear fellow, that I am very much in your debt."

He had never said as much before, and I must admit that his words gave me keen pleasure, for I had often been piqued by his indifference to my admiration and to the attempts which I had made to give publicity



to his methods. I was proud, too, to think that I had so far mastered his system as to apply it in a way which earned his approval. He now took the stick from my hands and examined it for a few minutes with his naked eyes. Then, with an expression of interest, he laid down his cigarette, and, carrying the cane to the window, he looked over it again with a convex lens.

"Interesting, though elementary," said he, as he returned to his favourite corner of the settee. "There are certainly one or two indications upon the stick. It gives us the basis for several deductions."

"Has anything escaped me?" I asked, with some self-importance. "I trust that there is nothing of consequence which I have overlooked?"

"I am afraid, my dear Watson, that most of your conclusions were erroneous. When I said that you stimulated me I meant, to be frank, that in noting your fallacies I was occasionally guided towards the truth. Not that you are entirely wrong in this instance. The man is certainly a country practitioner. And he walks a good deal."

"Then I was right."

"To that extent."

"But that was all?"

"No, no, my dear Watson, not all—by no means all. I would suggest, for example, that a presentation to a doctor is more likely to come from a hospital than from a hunt, and that when the initials 'C.C.' are placed before that hospital the words 'Charing Cross' very naturally suggest themselves."

"You may be right."

"The probability lies in that direction. And if we take this as a working hypothesis we have a fresh basis from which to start our construction of this unknown visitor."

"Well, then, supposing that 'C.C.H.' does stand for 'Charing Cross Hospital', what further inferences may we draw?"

"Do none suggest themselves? You know my methods. Apply them!"

"I can only think of the obvious conclusion that the man has practised in town before going to the country."

"I think that we might venture a little farther than this. Look at it in this light. On what occasion would it be most probable that such a presentation would be made? When would his friends unite to give him a pledge of their goodwill? Obviously at the moment when Dr. Mortimer withdrew from the service of the hospital in order to start in practice for himself. We know there has been a presentation. We believe there has been a change from a town hospital to a country practice.

Is it, then, stretching our inference too far to say that the presentation was on the occasion of the change?"

"It certainly seems probable."

"Now, you will observe that he could not have been on the *staff* of the hospital, since only a man well established in a London practice could hold such a position, and such a one would not drift into the country. What was he, then? If he was in the hospital and yet not on the staff, he could only have been a house-surgeon or a house-physician—little more than a senior student. And he left five years ago—the date is on the stick. So your grave, middle-aged family practitioner vanishes into thin air, my dear Watson, and there emerges a young fellow under thirty, amiable, unambitious, absent-minded, and the possessor of a favourite dog, which I should describe roughly as being larger than a terrier, and smaller than a mastiff."

I laughed incredulously as Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his settee and blew little wavering rings of smoke up to the ceiling.

"As to the latter part, I have no means of checking you," said I, "but at least it is not difficult to find out a few particulars about the man's age and professional career."

From my small medical shelf I took down the Medical Directory and turned up the name. There were several Mortimers, but only one who could be our visitor. I read this record aloud:

> "Mortimer, James, M.R.C.S., 1882, Grimpen, Dartmoor, Devon, House-surgeon, from 1882 to 1884, at Charing Cross Hospital . . .
> Medical Officer for the parishes of Grimpen, Thorsley, and High Barrow.'

"No mention of that local hunt, Watson," said Holmes, with a mischievous smile, "but a country doctor, as you very astutely observed. I think that I am fairly justified in my inferences."

"And the dog?"

"Has been in the habit of carrying this stick behind his master. Being a heavy stick the dog has held it tightly by the middle, and the marks of his teeth are very plainly visible. The dog's jaw, as shown in the space between these marks, is too broad in my opinion for a terrier and not broad enough for a mastiff. It may have been—yes, by Jove, it *is* a curly-haired spaniel."

He had risen and paced the room as he spoke. Now he halted in the recess of the window. There was such a ring of conviction in his voice that I glanced up in surprise.

"My dear fellow, how can you possibly be so sure of that?"

"For the very simple reason that I see the dog himself on our very doorstep, and there is the ring of its owner. Don't move, I beg you, Watson, He is a professional brother of yours, and your presence may be of assistance to me. Now is the dramatic moment of fate, Watson, when you hear a step upon the stair which is walking into your life, and you know not whether for good or ill. What does Dr. James Mortimer, the man of science, ask of Sherlock Holmes, the specialist in crime? Come in!"

As he entered his eyes fell upon the stick in Holmes's hand, and he ran towards it with an exclamation of joy.

"I am so very glad," said he. "I was not sure whether I had left it here or in the Shipping Office. I would not lose that stick for the world."

"A presentation, I see," said Holmes.

"Yes, sir."

"From Charing Cross Hospital?"

"From one or two friends there on the occasion of my marriage."

"Dear, dear, that's bad!" said Holmes, shaking his head.

Dr. Mortimer blinked through his glasses in mild astonishment.

"Why was it bad?"

"Only that you have disarranged our little deductions. Your marriage, you say?"

"Yes, sir. I married, and so left the hospital, and with it all hopes of a consulting practice. It was necessary to make a home of my own."

"Come, come, we are not so far wrong after all," said Holmes.

Adapted from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's
HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

Comprehension

1. When was Sherlock Holmes not late for breakfast?
2. What was the 'accidental souvenir'? Why was it so called and why was it given importance?
3. What made Watson believe that the country practitioner did a great deal of his visiting on foot?
4. On the basis of Watson's theory, suggest a full name for C.C.H. What did these letters actually stand for?
5. Why did Sherlock Holmes call Watson 'a conductor of light'? Was he really indebted to Watson?
6. Why did the words which Sherlock Holmes used give particular pleasure to Watson?
7. 'Interesting, though elementary.' When and why did Sherlock Holmes make this remark?
8. Which fallacies of Watson guided Sherlock Holmes to the truth? What was the truth?
9. How did Sherlock Holmes conclude that the owner of the stick was a young fellow under thirty?
10. Which inference of Sherlock Holmes made his companion laugh? How did Holmes justify this inference?
11. What was the cause of the ring of conviction in his voice?

12. 'Now is the dramatic moment of fate.' Explain the significance of this remark.
13. Which deductions of Sherlock Holmes had Dr. Mortimer 'disarranged'?
14. Who said this? Why did he say it?
    - (a) 'I believe you have eyes in the back of your head.'
    - (b) 'Your grave, middle-aged family practitioner vanishes into thin air.'
    - (c) 'I would not lose that stick for the world.'

Language study

1. Give other words for the following:
   evident, presentation, achievements, luminous, indications, consequence, erroneous.
2. Which words in the passage mean the following?
   shaped like a bulb; metal ring or cap placed on a stick; showing disbelief; moving unsteadily.
3. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:
   make of; mark of appreciation; knock about; excel oneself; underrate one's abilities; piqued by; earn someone's approval; naked eye.
4. Each of the following terms shows a stage in the process of the reasoning used in detecting a case. Explain the significance of each of the terms and rearrange them in the proper order of sequence:
   inference, conviction, observation, deduction, construction, conclusion, hypothesis, examination.
5. Give the noun forms of the following adjectives:
   dignified, reassuring, evident, accidental, luminous, typical, surgical, absent-minded, medical, mischievous.
6. *Mastiff, terrier, spaniel* are the names of three breeds of dogs. Give the names of some other well-known breeds.

Composition

1. Describe in your own words the methods used by Sherlock Holmes in 'constructing' the man from the stick.
2. Write a character-sketch of Dr. Watson.
3. Let the walking-stick tell the story—from the moment it was left behind until it was found again by its owner.

20. ASHOKA, THE BELOVED OF THE GODS

The following account of the great King Ashoka is taken from Jawaharlal Nehru's *Glimpses of World History*, which consists of letters written by him to his daughter, Indira. Besides being a world-famous statesman, Nehru was also a distinguished author and writes English with perfect ease and mastery.

I AM afraid I am a little too fond of running down kings and princes. I see little in their kind to admire or do reverence to. But we are now coming to a man who, in spite of being a king and emperor, was great and worthy of admiration. He was Ashoka, the grandson of Chandragupta Maurya. Speaking of him in his *Outline of History*, H. G. Wells (some of whose romances you must have read) says: "Amidst the tens of thousands of names of monarchs that crowd the columns of history, their majesties and graciousnesses and serenities and royal highnesses and the like, the name of Ashoka shines, and shines almost alone, a star. From the Volga to Japan his name is still honoured. China, Tibet and even India, though it has left his doctrine, preserve the tradition of his greatness. More living men cherish his memory today than have ever heard the names of Constantine or Charlemagne."

This is high praise indeed. But it is deserved, and for an Indian it is an especial pleasure to think of this period of India's history.

Ashoka succeeded Bindusara in 268 B.C. to a great empire, which included the whole of north and central India and extended right up to central Asia. With the desire, perhaps, of bringing into his empire the remaining parts of the south-east and south, he started the conquest of Kalinga in the ninth year of his reign. Kalinga lay on the east coast of India, between the Mahanadi,

Godavari and Kistna rivers. The people of Kalinga fought bravely, but they were ultimately subdued after terrible slaughter. This war and slaughter affected Ashoka so deeply that he was disgusted with war and all its works. Henceforth there was to be no war for him. Nearly the whole of India, except a tiny tip in the south, was under him; and it was easy enough for him to complete the conquest of this little tip. But he refrained. According to H. G. Wells, he is the only military monarch on record who abandoned warfare after victory.

Fortunately for us, we have Ashoka's own words, telling us of what he thought and what he did. In numerous edicts which were carved out in rock or on metal, we still have his messages to his people and to posterity. You know that there is such an Ashoka Pillar in the fort at Allahabad. There are many others in our province.

In these edicts Ashoka tells us of his horror and remorse at the slaughter which war and conquest involve. The only true conquest, he says, is the conquest of self and the conquest of men's hearts by the *Dharma*. But I shall quote for you some of these edicts. They make fascinating reading and they will bring Ashoka nearer to you.

"Kalinga was conquered by His Sacred and Gracious Majesty," so runs an edict, "when he had been consecrated eight years. One hundred and fifty thousand persons were thence carried away captive, one hundred thousand were there slain, and many times that number died.

"Directly after the annexation of the Kalingas began His Sacred Majesty's zealous protection of the Law of Piety, his love of that Law, and his inculcation of that

law (*Dharma*). Thus arose His Sacred Majesty's remorse for having conquered the Kalingas because the conquest of a country previously unconquered involves the slaughter, death and carrying away captive of the people. That is a matter of profound sorrow and regret to His Sacred Majesty."

The edict goes on to say that Ashoka would not tolerate any longer the slaughter or captivity of even a hundredth or thousandth part of the number killed and made captive in Kalinga.

"Moreover, should any one do him wrong, that too must be borne with by His Sacred Majesty, so far as it can possibly be borne with. Even upon the forest folk in his dominions His Sacred Majesty looks kindly and he seeks to make them think aright, for, if he did not, repentance would come upon His Sacred Majesty. For His Sacred Majesty desires that all animate beings should have security, self-control, peace of mind and joyousness."

Ashoka further explains that true conquest consists in the conquest of men's hearts by the Law of Duty or Piety, and relates that he had already won such real victories, not only in his own dominions, but in distant kingdoms.

The law to which reference is made repeatedly in these edicts was the Law of the Buddha. Ashoka became an ardent Buddhist and tried his utmost to spread the *Dharma*. But there was no force or compulsion. It was only by winning men's hearts that he sought to make converts. Men of religion have seldom, very seldom, been as tolerant as Ashoka. In order to convert people to their own faith they have seldom scrupled to use force and terrorism and fraud. The whole of history is full of religious persecutions and religious wars, and in the name of religion and of God perhaps more blood has been shed than in any other name. It is good therefore to remember how a great son of India, intensely religious, and the head of a powerful empire, behaved in order to convert people to his ways of thought. It is strange that anyone should be so foolish as to think that religion and faith can be thrust down a person's throat at the point of the sword or a bayonet.

So Ashoka, the beloved of the gods—*devanampriya*, as he is called in the edicts—sent his messengers and ambassadors to the kingdoms of the West in Asia, Europe and Africa. To Ceylon, you will remember, he sent his son Mahendra and daughter Sanghamitra, and they are said to have carried a branch of the sacred peepal tree from Gaya. Do you remember the peepal tree we saw in the temple of Anuradhapura? We are told that this was the very tree which grew out of that ancient branch.

In India Buddhism spread rapidly. And as the *Dharma* was for Ashoka not just the repetition of empty prayers and the performance of *pujas* and ceremonies, but the performance of good deeds and social uplift, all over the country public gardens and hospitals and wells and roads grew up. Special provision was made for the education of women.

Ashoka's passion for protecting life extended to animals also. Hospitals especially meant for them were erected, and animal-sacrifice was forbidden. In both these matters he was somewhat in advance of our own time. Unhappily, animal-sacrifice still prevails to some extent, and is supposed to be an essential part of religion; and there is little provision for the treatment of animals.

Ashoka's example and the spread of Buddhism resulted in vegetarianism becoming popular. Till then Kshatriyas and Brahmins in India generally ate meat and used to take wines and alcoholic drinks. Both meat-eating and wine-drinking grew much less.

So ruled Ashoka for thirty-eight years, trying his utmost to promote peacefully the public good. He was always ready for public business "at all times and at all places; whether I am dining or in the ladies' apartments, in my bedroom or in my closet, in my carriage or in my palace gardens, the official reporters should keep me constantly informed of the people's business." If any difficulty arose, a report was to be made to him immediately "at any hour and at any place," for, as he says, "work I must for the common weal."

Ashoka died in 232 B.C. Some time before his death he became a Buddhist monk.

We have few remains of Mauryan times. But what we have are practically the earliest so far discovered of Aryan civilization in India—for the moment we are not considering the ruins of Mohenjo-Daro. In Sarnath near Benares, you can see the beautiful Ashoka pillar with the lions on the top.

Of the great city of Pataliputra, which was Ashoka's capital, nothing is left. Indeed over 1500 years ago, 600 years after Ashoka, a Chinese traveller, Fa-Hien, visited the place. The city flourished then and was rich and prosperous, but even then Ashoka's palace of stone was in ruins. Even these ruins impressed Fa-Hien, who says in his travel record that they did not appear to be human work.

The palace of massive stone is gone, leaving no trace behind, but the memory of Ashoka lives over the whole continent of Asia, and his edicts still speak to us in a language we can understand and appreciate. And we can still learn much from them. This letter has grown long and may weary you. I shall finish it with a small quotation from one of Ashoka's edicts:

"All sects deserve reverence for one reason or another. By thus acting a man exalts his own sect and at the same time does service to the sects of other people."

From Jawaharlal Nehru's
GLIMPSES OF WORLD HISTORY

Comprehension

1. What, according to H. G. Wells, is Ashoka's place in world history?
2. How large was the empire of Ashoka? How did it compare in size with the succeeding empires of the Mughals, the Marathas and the British?
3. Why did Ashoka not complete the conquest of India? Was he right in refraining in this way?
4. What is an edict? What is the general theme of Ashoka's edicts?
5. Mention the four things which, according to Ashoka, all living beings must have. Which of them do you think is the most important?
6. What method did Ashoka use to spread Buddhism?
7. Explain the meaning of '*devanampriya.*' Do you think that Ashoka deserved this title?
8. How did Ashoka improve social conditions for his people?
9. 'He was somewhat in advance of our own time.' Explain how.
10. Comment on Ashoka's methods of working 'for the common weal.'
11. Why do you think the author has ended his letter with the small quotation from one of Ashoka's edicts? What is the significance of that quotation for us today?

Language study

1. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:
   doctrine; preserve the traditions; keep up contact with; refrain; remorse; make fascinating reading; tolerant; at the point of the sword; scruple; essential.

2. What is the meaning of the expression 'running down kings'? Express the following in your own words:
   - (a) He had to *run for his life.*
   - (b) His imagination is *running riot.*
   - (c) The prices of machinery are *running high.*
   - (d) Don't *run after* false pleasures.
   - (e) This dictionary has *run into* several editions.
   - (f) My patience is *running out.*
3. Pair each adjective in List 'A' with the correct noun in List 'B' so as to form phrases used in the lesson:
   List A: massive, animate, Aryan, powerful, empty, social, profound, zealous.
   List B: sorrow, empire, stone, protection, beings, prayers, uplift, civilization.
4. Make sentences to show the difference between:
   - (a) affected and effected;
   - (b) persecution and prosecution;
   - (c) born and borne.
5. Give the verb forms of the following nouns:
   reverence, annexation, inculcation, slaughter, captivity, compulsion, provision, fraud.

Composition

1. Explain in your own words the ideas conveyed in the quotations from Ashoka's edicts.
2. You have a friend who is fond of killing birds just for fun. Write a letter advising him against this cruel practice and telling him something about Ashoka's passion for protecting life.
3. Write three or four paragraphs on 'Why I must respect the religious beliefs of others.'

21. THE SOLITARY REAPER

William Wordsworth was a poet who worshipped nature and the simple country life. In *The Solitary Reaper* he tries to convey the impression made on him by the pathetic song of a lonely reaper in the Scottish Highlands. It is one of the most beautiful of his lyrics. The music of the poem and the pictures painted linger in our hearts long after we have read the poem.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth

1. 'Behold her, single in the field.' Why do you think the poet begins his poem in this way?
2. Show how the sense of solitude is conveyed in the first few lines of the poem.
3. Quote the striking phrases used by the poet to describe the Solitary Reaper's song and the voice of the Reaper.
4. What is the Reaper's song compared with? Bring out the meaning and the beauty of the comparisons.
5. What does the poet imagine might be the subject of the Reaper's song?
6. Quote the two most musical lines in the poem. How has the poet produced the musical effect in these lines?
7. Explain:
   'Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
   For old, unhappy, far-off things,
   And battles long ago.'
8. What was the effect of the Reaper's song on the poet? What effect has the poet's song produced on you? Illustrate your answer by quoting striking lines or phrases from the poem.

22. THE INTELLIGENCE OF ELEPHANTS

This extract, taken from the book *Elephant Bill* by Colonel J. H. Williams contains several anecdotes about the great intelligence shown by elephants. The author spent most of his life working with elephants in the jungles of Burma and developed a sympathetic understanding of their habits and ways of life. The story of Ma Shwe saving her three-month old calf from drowning is a glorious example not only of intelligence but also of mother love among animals.

An elephant does not work mechanically, like many animals. He never stops learning, because he is always thinking. Not even a really good sheep-dog can compare with an elephant in intelligence.

I don't believe that "an elephant never forgets", but I should scarcely be surprised if he tied a knot in his trunk to remember something, if he wanted to. His little actions are always revealing an intelligence which finds impromptu solutions for new difficulties. If he cannot reach with his trunk some part of his body that itches, he doesn't always rub it against a tree; he may pick up a long stick and give himself a good scratch with that, instead. If one stick isn't long enough, he will look for another which is.

If he pulls up some grass, and it comes up by the roots with a lump of earth, he will smack it against his foot until all the earth is shaken off, or, if water is handy, he will wash it clean, before putting it into his mouth. And he will extract a pill (the size of an aspirin tablet) from a tamarind fruit the size of a cricket ball in which one has planted it, with an air of saying: "You can't kid me."

Elephants can also detach a closely clinging creeper, like ivy, from a tree far more skilfully than can a man working with two hands. This is due to their greater delicacy of touch.

Many young elephants develop the naughty habit of plugging up the wooden bell they wear hung round their necks with good stodgy mud or clay, so that the clappers cannot ring, in order to steal silently into a grove of cultivated bananas at night. There they will have a "whale" of a time, quietly stuffing, eating not only the bunches of bananas, but the leaves and, indeed, the whole tree as well, and they will do this just beside the hut occupied by the owner of the grove, without waking him or any of his family.

Catching a young animal at this is just like catching a small boy among the gooseberry bushes. For some reason stolen fruit is always sweetest.

I have personally witnessed many remarkable instances of the quick intelligence of elephants, though I cannot claim that they equal the famous yarns which delight all of us, whether we are children or grown-ups —such as that of the circus elephant who saw a man who had befriended him sitting in a sixpenny seat, and at once picked him up with his trunk and popped him into a three-and-sixpenny one!

Sometimes an elephant will show his intelligence by divining what his oozie[1] wishes.

A case I remember concerned an animal which would not work with a rider on his head, but was obedient to the words of command given by his oozie walking alongside. I was watching this beast straightening logs in a creek—that is to say, placing them in rows of eight or twelve parallel to each other and pointing down the bed of the stream, in readiness for the first flood to carry them away. The oozie was sitting on the bank; work was almost finished, but, because I was around, he knew every log had to be straight in line with the others before they broke off.

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[1] Oozie is the name given to the man who looks after the elephant while at work.

There was one noticeable and unshapely log, and the elephant came to the last row in which it lay. He was a big tusker, and was doing all the work with his tusks and head, free of all chains. Without any word of command being given, he let the first log alone, and began shifting the second, keeping one eye on his oozie, as though saying: "Come on, wake up and tell me what you want!"

The oozie soon told him, shouting: "What's wrong with that one? Leave it."

The elephant moved on to the next log, keeping his eye cocked on his oozie, like an old man looking over a pair of spectacles.

"No," shouted the oozie. "You know as well as I do," and made a gesture of picking up a stone to throw at his beast.

The elephant gave a squeal of pure delight at having pulled his oozie's leg, and, without hesitation, disregarded the next five logs and, without pausing, bent down and rolled the one irregularly placed log over four times, leaving it exactly parallel with the others and about a foot from them. Then he walked up to his master, as though to say: "Enough fooling, let's break off!" and the day's work was finished for man and beast.

But one of the most intelligent acts I ever witnessed an elephant perform did not concern its work.

One evening, when the river was in heavy spate, I was listening and hoping to hear the boom and roar of timber coming from upstream. Directly below my camp the banks of the river were steep and rocky and twelve to fifteen feet high. About fifty yards away on the other side, the bank was made up of ledges of shale strata. Although it was already nearly dusk, by watching these ledges being successively submerged, I was trying to judge how fast the water was rising.

I was suddenly alarmed by hearing an elephant roaring as though frightened, and, looking down, I saw three or four men rushing up and down on the opposite bank in a state of great excitement. I realized at once that something was wrong, and ran down to the edge of the near bank and there saw Ma Shwe (Miss Gold) with her three-month-old calf trapped in the fast-rising torrent.

She herself was still in her depth, as the water was about six feet deep. But there was a life-and-death struggle going on. Her calf was screaming with terror and was afloat like a cork. Ma Shwe was as near to the far bank as she could get, holding her whole body against the raging and increasing torrent, and keeping the calf pressed against her massive body. Every now and then the swirling water would sweep the calf away; then, with terrific strength, she would encircle it with her trunk and pull it upstream to rest against her body again.

There was a sudden rise in the water, as if a two-foot bore had come down, and the calf was washed clean over the mother's hindquarters and was gone. She turned to chase it, like an otter after a fish, but she had travelled about fifty yards downstream and, plunging and sometimes afloat, had crossed to my side of the river, before she had caught up with it and got it back. For what seemed minutes, she pinned the calf with her head and trunk against the rocky bank. Then, with a really gigantic effort, she picked it up in her trunk and reared up until she was half standing on her hind legs, so as to be able to place it on a narrow shelf of rock, five feet above the flood level.

Having accomplished this, she fell back into the

raging torrent, and she herself went away like a cork. She well knew that she would now have a fight to save

her own life, as, less than three hundred yards below where she had stowed her calf in safety, there was a gorge. If she were carried down, it would be certain death. I knew, as well as she did, that there was one spot between her and the gorge where she could get up the bank, but it was on the other side from where she had put her calf. By that time, my chief interest was in the calf. It stood, tucked up, shivering and terrified on a ledge just wide enough to hold its feet. Its little, fat, protruding belly was tightly pressed against the bank.

While I was peering over at it from about eight feet above, wondering what I could do next, I heard the grandest sounds of a mother's love I can remember. Ma Shwe had crossed the river and climbed the bank, and was making her way back as fast as she could, calling the whole time—a defiant roar; but to her calf it was music. The two little ears, like little maps of India, were cocked forward, listening to the only sound that mattered, the call of the mother.

Any wild schemes which had raced through my head of recovering the calf by ropes disappeared as fast as I had formed them, when I saw Ma Shwe emerge from the jungle and appear on the opposite bank. When she saw her calf, she stopped roaring and began rumbling, a never-to-be-forgotten sound, not unlike that made by a very high-powered car when accelerating. It is the sound of pleasure, like a cat's purring, and delighted she must have been to see her calf still in the same spot, where she had put her half an hour before.

As darkness fell, the muffled boom of floating logs hitting against each other came from upstream. A torrential rain was falling, and the river still separated the mother and her calf I decided that I could do nothing but wait and see what happened. Twice before, turning in for the night I went down to the bank and picked out the calf with my torch, but this seemed to disturb it, so I went away.

It was just as well I did, because at dawn Ma Shwe and her calf were together—both on the far bank. The spate had subsided to a mere foot of dirty-coloured water. No one in the camp had seen Ma Shwe recover her calf, but she must have lifted it down from the ledge in the same way as she had put it there.

Five years later, when the calf came to be named, the Burmans christened it Ma Yay Yee (Miss Laughing Water).

From J. H. Williams'
ELEPHANT BILL

Comprehension

1. Give examples to show that an elephant finds quick solutions for new difficulties.
2. How can elephants detach a creeper from a tree more skilfully than a man?
3. Why does the young elephant plug up the wooden bell hanging round his neck?
4. Why does the author say that catching a young animal stealing bananas is like catching a small boy among the gooseberry bushes?
5. Why is the incident of the circus elephant helping the man in the sixpenny seat called a 'yarn'?
6. How did the elephant tease his oozie while straightening logs in a creek?
7. How did the author judge the speed with which the water was rising in the river?
8. What was the life-and-death struggle going on in the river?
9. Show how the calf was washed completely away from its mother and how she got it back.
10. What did the mother do next to prevent the calf from being swept away again? What dangers did she face thereafter?

11. Why did the mother give a defiant roar? Why was it like music to the calf?
12. Why did the author quickly abandon his own wild schemes for recovering the calf? Why does he call the schemes 'wild'?
13. How was the calf with its mother on the far bank at dawn when the previous evening it was still on the ledge?

Language study

1. Which words used in the lesson mean the following?
   like a machine; done without previous thought; heavily packed or over-full; finding out by guessing; a projecting ridge of rocks; covered with water; deep narrow valley with rocky sides; increasing in speed.
2. Explain the following expressions:
   you can't kid me; delicacy of touch; have a 'whale' of a time; let's break off; in heavy spate; listening to the only sound that mattered; raced through my head; picked out the calf with my torch.
3. Several words have been used in the passage indicating particular kinds of sounds or cries, e.g., *boom, roar.* Make a list of all such words from the text and give the significance of each.
4. Pair each of the adjectives from List A with the correct noun in List B so as to form a phrase used in the text.
   List A: clinging, gigantic, raging, defiant, protruding, high-powered, torrential, swirling.
   List B: belly, rain, car, effort, water, creeper, torrent, roar.

   Explain the phrases so formed and use them in sentences of your own.

Composition

1. If like many other people you did not think the elephant to be a very intelligent animal, have you changed your opinion after reading the lesson? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Describe the incident of the saving of the calf as if you were one of the persons looking on from the other side of the river.
3. Write a story showing the intelligence of a dog.

23. A MAD TEA-PARTY

The extract is taken from the famous book *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll, which describes the strange adventures of a little girl Alice in a world of queer and amusing creatures. The Hatter and the March Hare, who are having a strange tea-party in the story, are unforgettable characters created by the author.

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said, in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks,' Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude.'

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he said was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah, that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

"I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter; "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarrelled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing,—

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way,—

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle——' "

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on, in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh. "It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter—"as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried.

"Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice; "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well —"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question: "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly; "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse—"well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M———"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "———that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things as 'much of a muchness';—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She got up in great disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her; the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate, I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

From Lewis Carroll's
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Comprehension

1. What is the first sign in the story that this was no ordinary tea-party?
2. Mention three different occasions when Alice felt offended.
3. Why did Alice think she was going to have some fun?
4. 'I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know.' What were the comments of the Hatter and the March Hare on this statement of Alice?
5. Why was the Hatter annoyed with the March Hare?
6. Do you agree with Alice's remark that the Hatter's watch was funny? Give three reasons.
7. Why was Alice impatient with the Hatter and the March Hare for asking the riddle?
8. What was the Hatter's opinion about Time?
9. What little poem does the Hatter imitate?
10. How can a singer 'murder the time'?
11. Why, according to the Hatter, were so many tea-things found on the table? Was his explanation convincing?
12. Why was Alice puzzled at the Dormouse's story?
13. 'Who's making personal remarks now?' the Hatter asked triumphantly. What made the Hatter say this? Why did he say it 'triumphantly'?
14. Why did Alice promise the Dormouse not to interrupt his story again? Did she keep her promise?
15. What things did the three sisters in the treacle-well draw?
16. Why did Alice leave the party? What did the three creatures do?
17. Who spoke the most at the tea-party and who the least? Give reasons.

18. Show that if the tea-party was mad, the Hatter and the March Hare were rather clever. How did these creatures get out of difficulties?

Language study

1. Give other words for the following:
   indignantly, civil, severity, uneasily, mournful, extraordinary.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:
   in an encouraging tone; with great curiosity; break the silence; keep on good terms with; in a twinkling; alarmed at the proposal; go off into a daze; at any rate.
3. Make a list of all the adverbs used in the lesson to express the different ways in which the four characters in the story said or did something, e.g., *indignantly, uneasily.* Give the meaning of each adverb.
4. Express the following in another way:
   your hair wants cutting; you might just as well say; Alice sighed wearily; the conversation dropped; I haven't the slightest idea; tossing his head contemptuously; dreadfully savage.
5. Explain with reference to the context:
   (a) 'Ah! that accounts for it.... He won't stand beating.'
   (b) 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'
   (c) 'We've no time to wash the things between whiles.'
6. 'Of course they were,' said the Dormouse . : . . 'well in.' Here the Dormouse played upon the two meanings of the word *well.* Such a play upon words is called a *pun.*
   Give examples of other puns found in the passage.
7. What is a 'riddle'? Write down two riddles that you have heard or read about, and give their answers.

Composition

1. Tell the story of the tea-party as if you were the Dormouse.
2. Finish the story of the treacle-well in your own way.
3. Write a similar story of a mad picnic.

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24. TO A BULL-DOG

This poem of remembrance will move the heart of any person who has lost a very dear friend with whom he has shared some of the happiest experiences in his life. The poem is in the form of a soliloquy addressed to a bull-dog. The speaker is talking about his friend called Willy, whom both he and the dog loved very much, but who has lost his life in the war and cannot return to them any more. The dog is unaware of the tragedy that has taken place and cannot understand his master's sadness and absent-mindedness. The story is told in a simple, straightforward manner, and the poem is very pathetic.

We sha'n't see Willy any more, Mamie,
He won't be coming any more:
He came back once and again and again,
But he won't get leave any more.

We looked from the window and there was his cab,
And we ran downstairs like a streak,
And he said "Hullo, you bad dog," and you crouched to the floor,
Paralysed to hear him speak,

And then let fly at his face and his chest
Till I had to hold you down,
While he took off his cap and his gloves and his coat,
And his bag and his thonged Sam Browne.

We went upstairs to the studio,
The three of us, just as of old,
And you lay down and I sat and talked to him
As round the room he strolled.

Here in the room where, years ago
Before the old life stopped,
He worked all day with his slippers and his pipe
He would pick up the threads he'd dropped,

Fondling all the drawings he had left behind,
Glad to find them all still the same,
And opening the cupboards to look at his belongings
……Every time he came.

But now I know what a dog doesn't know,
Though you'll thrust your head on my knee,
And try to draw me from the absent-mindedness
That you find so dull in me.

And all your life you will never know
What I wouldn't tell you even if I could,
That the last time we waved him away
Willy went for good.

But sometimes as you lie on the hearthrug
Sleeping in the warmth of the stove,
Even through your muddled old canine brain
Shapes from the past may rove.

You'll scarcely remember, even in a dream,
How we brought home a silly little pup,
With a big square head and little crooked legs
That could scarcely bear him up,

But your tail will tap at the memory
Of a man whose friend you were,
Who was always kind though he called you a naughty dog
When he found you on his chair;

Who'd make you face a reproving finger
And solemnly lecture you
Till your head hung downwards and you looked very sheepish!
And you'll dream of your triumphs too.

Of summer evening chases in the garden
When you dodged us all about with a bone:
We were three boys, and you were the cleverest,
But now we're two alone.

When summer comes again,
And the long sunsets fade,
We shall have to go on playing the feeble game for two
That since the war we've played.

And though you run expectant as you always do
To the uniforms we meet,
You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers
In even the longest street,

Nor in any crowd; yet, strange and bitter thought,
Even now were the old words said,
If I tried the old trick and said "Where's Willy?"
You would quiver and lift your head,

And your brown eyes would look to ask if I were serious,
And wait for the word to spring.
Sleep undisturbed: I sha'n't say that again,
You innocent old thing.

I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
  While you lie asleep on the floor;
For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream of
  And he won't be coming here any more.

Sir John Squire

1. Show how the first stanza strikes the keynote of the poem.
2. Explain the *simile*: 'And we ran downstairs like a streak.' Why was the dog 'paralysed' to hear Willy speak?
3. 'He would pick up the threads he'd dropped.' What were those 'threads'?
4. 'Shapes from the past may rove.' What were those shapes?
5. 'And you'll dream of your triumphs too.' Describe some of the triumphs'.
6. What was 'the old trick' that the master tried on the dog? Why does he refer to the thought of the trick as 'strange and bitter'?
7. There are some lively pictures in the poem of the kind of life the master, his friend and the dog led in the days when they were together. Which do you find the most striking?
8. Quote from the poem the lines that move you deeply. Explain why you are so moved.

25. SIR ISAAC NEWTON

Here is the story of one of the world's greatest scientists told in a simple and charming manner by the famous American writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Every schoolboy knows the anecdote of the apple that fell on Isaac Newton's head and the great discovery to which it led. In this little biography you will read of other interesting events in the life of the great scientist. The entire account, written in an extremely smooth and pleasant style, will hold your interest from beginning to end.

On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman, and went to reside at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him, and sent him to school. In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes manufactured by himself. With the aid of these, Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill, that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in his hand.

The neighbours looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured; and his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him.

"He'll make a capital workman one of these days," she would probably say. "No fear but what Isaac will do well in the world, and be a rich man before he dies."

Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clockmaker, for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which could be very useful to him in that profession. And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for himself, and would manufacture curious clocks, like those that contain sets of dancing figures, which issue from the dial-plate when the hour is struck; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock, and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had already made one, of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set agoing, not by wheels and weights, like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water. Besides the water-clock, Isaac made a sun-dial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour, for the water-clock would tell it in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine.

The sun-dial is said to be still in existence at Woolsthorpe, in the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has elapsed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death, and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind, and by the length of his jump, he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

Not far from his grandmother's residence, there was a windmill which operated on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest, he pried into its internal machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the mill-stones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.

It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighbourhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill. Every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

"But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

"What is that?" asked Isaac, for he supposed that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true. I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how the deficiency should be supplied.

He might easily have made the miniature figure of a man; but then, it would not have been able to move about and perform the duties of a miller.

As Captain Lemuel Gulliver had not yet discovered the island of Lilliput, Isaac did not know that there were little men in the world whose size was just suited to his windmill. It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap, and, as no other miller could be found, Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office. The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark grey coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind.

As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy. At night, I think it probable, he looked up with curiosity to the stars, and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their

courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt a presentiment that he should be able hereafter to answer all these questions.

When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar, that his mother sent him back to school, and afterwards to the University of Cambridge.

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light, for before his day nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of.

You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses. When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits.

While making these researches, he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away, for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.

Did you ever hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work for more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door, and perceived that the labours of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

"Oh, Diamond, Diamond!" he exclaimed, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, and was made a member of Parliament, and received the honour of knighthood from the King. But he cared little for earthly fame and honour, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the seashore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless

ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly, and with even more success, than while his spirit animated a mortal body. He has left a fame behind him, which will be as endurable as if his name were written in letters of light, formed by the stars upon the midnight sky.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Comprehension

A 1. What did Isaac do in his early years which won him 'vast admiration' from his neighbours?

2. What significance has been attached to the sundial made by Isaac which is still preserved in the house where he lived?

3. What example is cited to show that Isaac could acquire knowledge by the simplest means?

4. How did Isaac get to learn the way a windmill operated?

5. Why could the miniature figure of a man not have performed the duties of a miller? What were the advantages and disadvantages of the substitute appointed?

6. What kind of study did Isaac take up at nights?

7. How did the falling of the apple lead him on to making other important discoveries in nature?

8. 'Thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!' What was the 'mischief'? What light does the incident throw on Newton's character?

9. Why did Isaac compare himself with a child?

10. Explain the following with reference to the context:
    (a) Isaac was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations.
    (b) Where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.
    (c) As Captain Lemuel Gulliver had not yet discovered the island of Lilliput, Isaac did not know that there were little men in the world whose size was just suited to his windmill.

B 1. Give reasons for the following:
    (a) Some of his friends advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clockmaker.

    (b) His grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour.
    (c) After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.
    (d) His mother sent him back to school.
    (e) He has left a fame behind him which will be endurable.

Language study

1. In what sense is each one of the following commonly known words used in the lesson?
   capital, taste, issue, ground, office, courses, bent, bodies.

2. Give other words for the following:
   ingenuity, draught, deficiency, presentiment, anecdotes, orbits, manuscript, boundless, mortal.

3. Make sentences using appropriate prepositions after the following verbs:
   devote, operate, converted, enchanted, belong, appointed, suspect, absorbed, composed, accustomed.

4. Give the noun forms of the following verbs:
   destined, manufactured, contrived, vibrates, calculate, tracked, animated.

5. From which verbs have the following nouns been derived?
   creation, occupation, residence, profession, discovery, motion, gravitation, existence, comparison.

Composition

1. Narrate the story of Isaac's boyhood as if you were his mother.

2. Describe the model windmill that Isaac made.

3. Tell the incident of the damage done by Diamond as Newton might have told it in a letter to a friend.

4. Write in your own words an account of Newton's life, work and character.

26. THE RESCUE OF FRIDAY

This extract has been slightly adapted from Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe,* one of the first novels in English literature, which is still read with enjoyment by people all over the world.

Robinson Crusoe was a young and adventurous Scotsman who was very keen on sea-travel. During one of his voyages he was shipwrecked and cast upon a deserted island. Here he built a house for himself using odds and ends which he collected from his wrecked ship, and also got together a group of various domestic animals and birds. For twenty-five years he lived alone on the island, without any human company at all. Then one day he saw a man's footprint on the sand which greatly astonished him. Later he saw savages landing on the island. What happened thereafter is narrated by Crusoe in the passage given below.

About a year and a half after this, I was surprised early one morning to see no less than five canoes on my side of the island; and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my calculations, for seeing so many and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to attack twenty or thirty men singlehanded; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself into a position of attack for which I had formerly provided and was just ready for action if anything had presented. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, and becoming impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder and clambered up to the top of the hill by my two stages as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive ~~me~~ by any means. Here I observed by the help of my telescope that they were no less than thirty in number,

that they kindled a fire and cooked some meat. How they cooked it, or what it was, that I know not; but they were all dancing round the fire in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived two miserable wretches dragged from the boats and brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way; two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, was inspired by Nature with hopes of life, and started away from them, running with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully afraid when I perceived him run my way, especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept to my position. My spirits began to recover when I saw that there were not more than three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running and gained ground on them; so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and ~~my~~ castle the creek which I have mentioned often in the first part of my story, when I ~~landed~~ my cargoes out of the ship; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the escaping savage came thither he made nothing of it, though the tide was up, but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that standing on the other side, he looked at the others but went no further; and soon after went softly back again, which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

I observed that the two who swam were still more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps, a companion, or assistant; and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, and getting up again, with the same haste, to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea. Taking a very short cut, and all down hill, I clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first as much frightened at me as at them. But I beckoned him with my hand to come back and in the meantime I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun. I was loath to fire, because I would not have the others hear it; though at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. When I knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frighted; and I advanced apace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived that he had a bow and arrow and was fitting it to shoot at me; so it was necessary for me to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, had stopped, and though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought,

he was so afraid with the fire and noise of my gun, that he stood stock-still and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly than to come on towards me. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood and came a little way, then stopped again and then a little further and stopped again, and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and was going to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of. He came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps in token of acknowledgement for my saving his life. I smiled at him and looked pleasantly and beckoned him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, kneeling down again, kissed the ground and laid his head upon the ground, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him in every way. But there was more work to do yet, for I perceived that the savage who was knocked down by me was not killed, but only stunned with the blow He began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showed the savage that he was not dead. Upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, I thought that they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, except my own, for about twenty-five years.

But there was no time for such reflections now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid. When I saw that, I aimed my other gun at the man as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage, for so I called him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no sooner had it than he ran to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head as quickly as no executioner anywhere could have done sooner or better; which I thought very strange for one who I had reason to believe never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. When he had done this, he came laughing to me in triumph and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me. But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off; so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him. I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looked at him, turned him first on one side and then the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed, as he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows and came back. I turned to go away and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him that more savages might come.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury the two with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed. I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and dragged him into it and covered him. He did so also to the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat and a draught of water, which I found he was in great need of. Having refreshed him, I made signs for him to lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice-straw and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large; tall and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about 26 years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect; but seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the softness and sweetness of a European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black but very tawny. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like a negro; a very good mouth, thin lips, his fine teeth well set, and white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he woke up again, and came out of the cave to me. I had been milking my goats, which I had in the enclosure close by. When he espied me, he came running to me laying himself again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before. After this, he made all signs of subjection, servitude, and submission, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things and let him know that I was very pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me. First, I made him know that his name should be *Friday,* which was the day I saved his life. I called him so in memory of that time. I likewise taught him to say *Master*, and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say *Yes* and *No*, and to know the meaning of them. I gave him some milk in an earthen pot and let him see me drink it before him and dip my bread in it; and I gave him a cake of bread to do alike, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him. I slept there with him all that night; but as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know that I would give him some clothes at which he seemed very glad.

Adapted from Daniel Defoe's
ROBINSON CRUSOE

Comprehension

1. What were Crusoe's feelings when he saw the canoes? Why did he have such feelings?
2. What led Crusoe to believe that the men from the canoes were savages?
3. When Crusoe saw one of the captives escaping from the savages, why was he frightened instead of being glad?
4. Why did he feel relieved a little later?
5. How was the captive able to escape from his pursuers?
6. How did Crusoe save the captive's life?
7. Why was the captive frightened?
8. What did the escaped captive do on meeting Crusoe? Why did he behave in this way?
9. Why was Crusoe particularly happy to hear the captive speak?
10. What showed that the captive was also a savage?
11. Why did Crusoe's savage look upon him with such fear and awe?
12. What attracted Crusoe to the savage?
13. How did Crusoe begin to train *Friday* as a servant?
14. Refer the following statements to their context:
    (a) 'So it was necessary for me to shoot at him first.'
    (b) 'He spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, I thought that they were pleasant to hear.'
    (c) 'But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off.'
    (d) 'I made him know that his name should be *Friday.*'

Language study

1. There are many words and expressions in the passage which would not be used in modern English, e.g., *frighted.* Find all such words and expressions and render them in modern English.

2. Give other words for the following:
   clambered, cookery, incredible, habitation, beckoned, vivacity, comely, discomforted, aspect, espied.
3. Use in sentences:
   gain ground on; hold out; in token of; come to himself; make nothing of; stand stock-still.
4. Express in a simple way the following:
   (a) The number of them broke all my calculations.
   (b) He was inspired by Nature with hopes of life.
   (c) He outstripped them exceedingly in running.
   (d) It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly.

Composition

Describe the escape of the savage captive from his pursuers and his meeting with his new master, as if narrated by the captive himself.

27. SONG OF THE WOODEN-LEGGED FIDDLER

This is a song sung by an English sailor who had as a boy run away to sea and has grown old fighting on the sea for his king and his country. Though he is no longer young and goes about with a wooden leg, he is still attracted towards the sea, for, as he says, "at heart an old sailor is always a boy."

Note the swinging rhythm of the verses which reflects the movement of the ships sailing on the sea.

I lived in a cottage adown in the West
When I was a boy, a boy;
But I knew no peace and I took no rest
Though the roses nigh smothered my snug little nest;
For the smell of the sea
Was much rarer to me,
And the life of a sailor was all my joy.
Chorus: *The life of a sailor was all my joy!*

My mother she wept, and she begged me to stay
Anchored for life to her apron-string,
And soon she would want me to help with the hay;
So I bided her time, then I flitted away
On a night of delight in the following spring,
With a pair of stout shoon
And a sea-faring tune
And a bundle and stick in the light of the moon,
Down the long road
To Portsmouth I strode,
To fight like a sailor for country and king.
Chorus: *To fight like a sailor for country and king.*

And now that my feet are turned homeward again
My heart is still crying Ahoy! Ahoy!
And my thoughts are still out on the Spanish Main
A-chasing the frigates of France and Spain,
For at heart an old sailor is always a boy;
And his nose will still itch
For the powder and pitch
Till the days when he can't tell t'other from which,
Nor a grin o' the guns from a glint o' the sea,
Nor a skipper like Nelson from lubbers like me.
Chorus: *Nor a skipper like Nelson from lubbers like me.*

Ay! Now that I'm old I'm as bold as the best,
And the life of a sailor is all my joy;
Though I've swapped my leg
For a wooden peg
And my head is as bald as a new-laid egg,

The smell of the sea
Is like victuals to me,
And I think in the grave I'll be crying Ahoy!
For, though my old carcase is ready to rest,
At heart an old sailor is always a boy.
Chorus: *At heart an old sailor is always a boy.*

Alfred Noyes

1. To which period of English history does this story belong? How can you tell?
2. What kind of life did the boy live at home?
3. Why did the boy have to go to Portsmouth to become a sailor?
4. Quote the lines which show that the old sailor is still passionately fond of the sea.
5. Refer to the lines describing the boy running away from home. How has the poet made the description vivid? What device has he used to make the lines musical?
6. Give three examples of *alliteration* from the poem.
7. Give the rhyme-scheme used in the poem.
8. Explain the following with special reference to the meaning of the words in italics:
   (a) The roses nigh *smothered* my snug little nest.
   (b) *Anchored* for life to her apron-string.
   (c) And his nose will still *itch*
   For the powder and pitch.

28. THE LAST LESSON

This short story, written by the French novelist, Alphonse Daudet, relates to the period after 1870 when France was defeated by Germany and had to surrender the border districts of Alsace and Lorraine to her victorious neighbour. The scene described here is laid in a village school in Alsace which has received an order from Berlin that in future only German is to be taught to the pupils. The feelings of the village schoolmaster, as he teaches his last French lesson, and of the pupils and the other inhabitants of the village who attend the lesson, are effectively portrayed in this moving and inspiring story.

I STARTED for school very late that morning and was in great dread of a scolding, especially because M. Hamel had said that he would question us on participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment I thought of running away and spending the day out of doors. It was so warm, so bright! The birds were chirping at the edge of the woods; and in the open field back of the sawmill the Prussian soldiers were drilling. It was all much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist, and hurried off to school.

When I passed the town hall there was a crowd in front of the bulletin board. For the last two years all our bad news had come from there—the lost battles, the draft, the orders of the commanding officer—and I thought to myself without stopping: "What can be the matter now?"

Then, as I hurried by as fast as I could go, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was there with his apprentice, reading the bulletin, called after me:

"Don't go so fast, boy; you'll get to your school in plenty of time!"

I thought he was making fun of me, and reached M. Hamel's little garden all out of breath.

Usually, when school began, there was a great bustle, which could be heard out in the street—the opening and closing of desks, lessons repeated in unison, very loud, with our hands over our ears to understand better, and the teacher's great ruler rapping on the table. But now it was all so still! I had counted on the commotion to get to my desk without being seen; but, of course, that day everything had to be as quiet as Sunday morning.

Through the window I saw my classmates, already in their places, and M. Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in before everybody. You can imagine how I blushed and how frightened I was.

But nothing happened. M. Hamel saw me and said very kindly:

"Go to your place quickly, little Franz. We were beginning without you."

I jumped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Not till then, when I had got a little over my fright, did I see that our teacher had on his beautiful green coat, his frilled shirt, and the little black silk cap, all embroidered, that he never wore except on inspection and prize days. Besides, the whole school seemed so strange and solemn. But the thing that surprised me most was to see, on the back benches that were always empty, the village people sitting quietly like ourselves; old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor, the former postmaster, and several others besides. Everybody looked sad, and Hauser had brought an old primer thumbed at the edges, and he held it open on his knees with his great spectacles lying across the pages.

While I was wondering about it all, M. Hamel mounted his chair, and, in the same grave and gentle tone which he had used to me, said:

"My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to teach only German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master comes tomorrow. This is your last French lesson. I want you to be very attentive."

What a thunderclap these words were to me!

Oh, the wretches; that was what they had put up at the town hall!

My last French lesson! Why, I hardly knew how to write! I should never learn any more! I must stop there, then! Oh, how sorry I was for not learning my lessons, for seeking birds' eggs, or going sliding on the Saar! My books, that had seemed such a nuisance a while ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar, and my history of the saints, were old friends now that I couldn't give up. And M. Hamel, too; the idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget all about his ruler and how cranky he was.

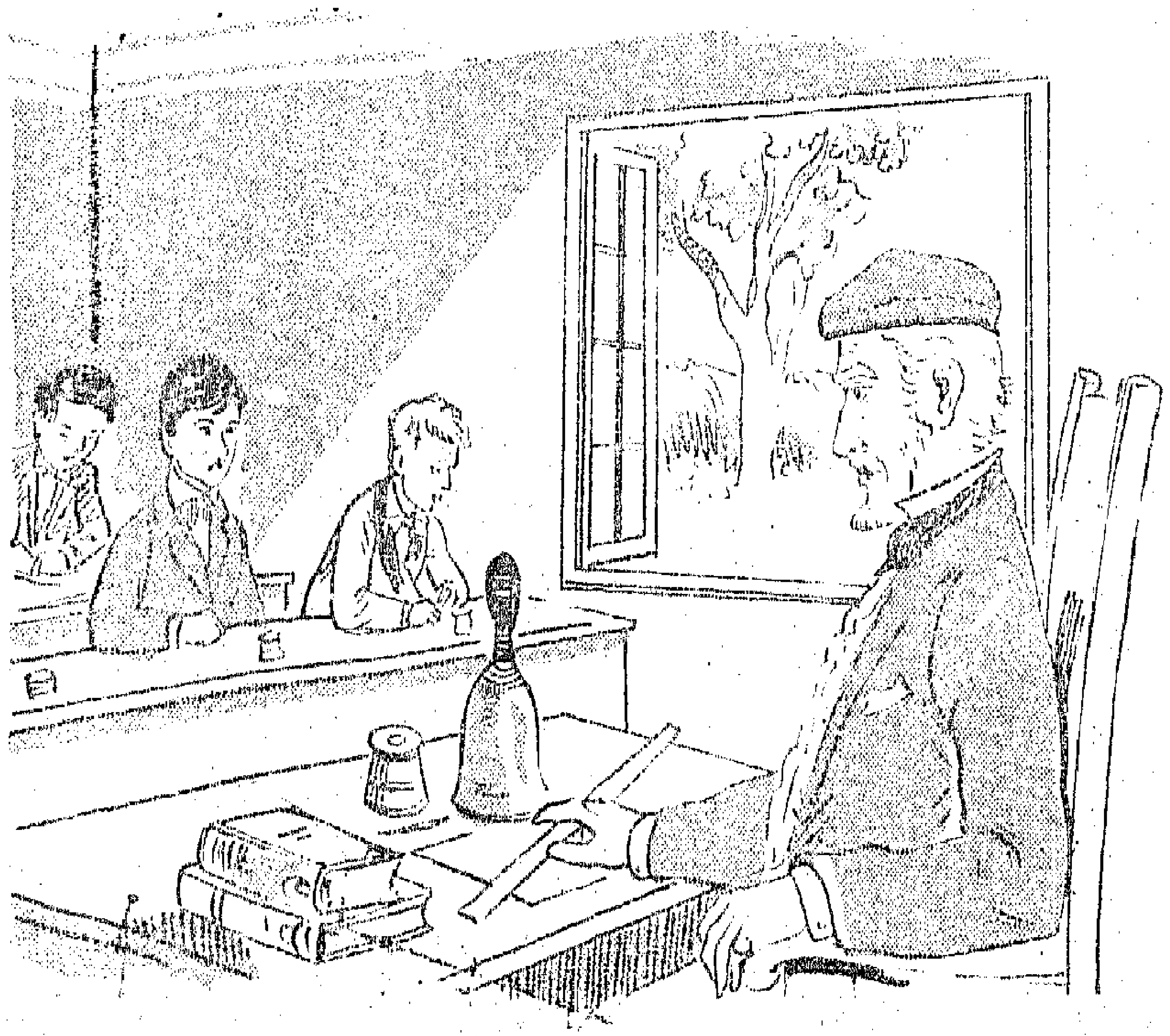
Poor man! It was in honour of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes; and now I understood why the old men of the village were sitting there in the back of the room. It was because they were sorry, too, that they had not gone to school more. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and of showing their respect for the country that was theirs no more.

While I was thinking of all this, I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say that dreadful rule for the participle all through, very loud and clear, and without one mistake? But I got mixed up on the first words and stood there holding on to my desk, my heart beating, and not daring to look up. I heard M. Hamel say to me:

"I don't scold you, little Franz, you must feel bad enough. See how it is! Every day we have said to ourselves: 'Bah! I've plenty of time. I'll learn it tomorrow.' And now you see where we've come out. Ah, that's the great trouble with Alsace; she puts off learning till tomorrow. Now those fellows out there will have the right to say to you: 'How is it you pretend to be Frenchmen, and yet you can neither speak nor write your own language?' But you are not the worst, poor little Franz. We've all a great deal to reproach ourselves with.

"Your parents were not anxious enough to have you learn. They preferred to put you to work on a farm or at the mills, so as to have a little more money. And I've been to blame also. Have I not often sent you to water my flowers instead of making you learn your lessons? And when I wanted to go fishing, did I not just give you a holiday?"

Then, from one thing to another, M. Hamel went on to talk of the French language saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world—the clearest, the most logical, that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language, it is as if they had the key to their prison. Then he opened a grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how well I understood it. All he said seemed so easy, so easy! I think, too, that I had never listened so carefully, and that he had never explained everything with so much patience. It seemed almost as if the poor man wanted to give us all he knew before going away, and to put it



all into our heads at one stroke.

After the grammar, we had a lesson in writing. That day M. Hamel had new copies for us, on which were written in a beautiful round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." They looked like little flags fluttering everywhere in the school room, hung from the rod at the top of our desks. You ought to have seen how every one set to work and how quiet it was: the only sound was the scratching of the pens over the paper. Once some beetles flew in; but nobody paid any attention to them, not even the littlest ones, who worked right on tracing their fishhooks, as if that was French, too. On the roof the pigeons cooed very low, and I thought to myself:

"Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?"

Whenever I looked up from my writing I saw M.

Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and gazing at one thing, then at another, as if he wanted to fix in his mind just how everything looked in that little school-room. Fancy! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his garden outside the window and his class in front of him, just like that. Only the desks and benches had been worn smooth; the walnut trees in the garden were taller, and the hop-vine that he had planted himself twined about the windows to the roof. How it must have broken his heart to leave it all, poor man; to hear his sister moving about in the room above, packing their trunks! For they must leave the country next day.

But he had the courage to hear every lesson to the very last. After the writing, we had a lesson in history, and then the babies chanted their *ba, be, bi, bo, bu.* Down there at the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his primer in both hands, spelled the letters with them. You could see that he, too, was crying; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah, how well I remember it, that last lesson!

All at once the church clock struck twelve. Then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our windows. M. Hamel stood up, very pale, in his chair. I never saw him look so tall.

“My friends,” said he, “I-I-” But something was choking him. He could not go on.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote as large as he could:

“VIVE LA FRANCE!”

Then he stopped and leaned his head against the

wall, and, without a word, he made a gesture to us with his hand:

“School is dismissed — you may go.”

Alphonse Daudet

Comprehension

1. Why did little Franz think of running away from school and spending the day out of doors?
2. Who were the ‘Prussian soldiers’? Why were they drilling?
3. Why was a crowd gathered near the town hall?
4. ‘You will get to school in plenty of time!’
   What did the blacksmith mean by this remark?
5. How did Franz hope to escape the teacher’s notice as he went in late?
6. What unusual things did he see in the classroom?
7. Why were the village people also sitting in the classroom?
8. ‘What a thunderclap these words were to me!’
   What words were a thunderclap? Why?
9. Why did M. Hamel not scold Franz for his inability to recite the rule for the participles correctly?
10. What, according to M. Hamel, was the great fault of the Alsatians? Whom did he blame for this?
11. What was M. Hamel’s opinion of the French language?
12. ‘It is as if they had the key to their prison.’
    What is the prison referred to here?
13. How did Franz find the last lesson on grammar?
14. How did the pupils work during the writing period?
15. ‘He had the courage to hear every lesson to the very last.’ Why did this require courage?
16. Why did the pupils want to laugh and cry at the same time?
17. Why did M. Hamel write ‘Vive la France!’ before dismissing his class?

18. What do you think of M. Hamel after reading this story?

Language study

1. Give other words for the following:

   bulletin, bustle, rapping, commotion, solemn, reproach, cranky, chanted.

2. Use the following phrases in sentences:

   count on; in great dread; out of breath; in unison; hold fast to; at one stroke.

3. Sparrows *chirp*. Pigeons *coo*. What do the following do?

   owls, geese, asses, monkeys, bulls, elephants.

4. By adding a prefix give the opposite of the following:
   logical, faithful, attentive, patience, twined.

5. Each of the following words has more than one meaning:
   still, ruler, mount (verb), trace (verb), worn.

   Make sentences using each word in its various senses.

6. Combine each of the following sets of sentences into a simple sentence:

   (a) I saw my classmates through the window. They were sitting at their places. I also saw M. Hamel. He was walking up and down in the room.

   (b) Old Hanser was down there. He was at the back of the room. He had put on his spectacles. He was spelling the letters in the primer.

Composition

1. Write a dialogue between little Franz and his classmates describing their reaction to the last lesson.

2. Show how M. Hamel must have described his last lesson to his wife when he returned from school.

3. Imagine that, after M. Hamel left the village, Franz sent him a letter. Write the letter.

29. THE LOSS OF THE TITANIC

One of the most tragic disasters in the history of shipping was the loss of the great liner 'Titanic' on her maiden voyage in 1912 from Southampton to New York. The ship, which had been built to surpass all other vessels of the same type in safety and luxury, carried over 1300 passengers and a crew of 860 when she left the shores of England. Half-way through the voyage she struck an iceberg and within a few hours sank to the bottom, taking down with her the majority of those on board.

The following story of the disaster is told by Sir Arthur H. Rostron, who was at that time the commander of the ship 'Carpathia', which received the S.O.S. message from the 'Titanic' and immediately rushed to her rescue. The style of the passage, though simple and direct, brings out the dramatic element in the whole story.

OF the thousand pictures retained in my mind of that tragic night[1] when the *Titanic* was lost, the first that recurs is of a man stooping as he unlaced his boots!

He was the Marconi operator on board the *Carpathia*, and if that officer had not been keen on his job, ignoring the regulation time to knock off, many of the seven hundred-odd lives we were able to save that night might have been added to the appalling list of dead that marks the disaster as the greatest in maritime history.

In those days wireless was but a recent addition to the equipment of ships at sea. We were quite proud of our installation, though it had a normal range of only 130 miles, and just over 200 miles in exceptionally favourable circumstances.

And we carried only one operator.

---

[1] Sunday, April 14, 1912.

This man should have finished duty at midnight. Yet here was half-past twelve and he was still listening in. But he was on the very point of retiring. He was, in fact, in the act of bending down to undo his boots when the dread call came, for in his interest he still retained the phones upon his ears.

"S.O.S. *Titanic* calling. We have struck ice and require immediate assistance."

One can imagine him jerking upright, the alarm growing in his mind, though to be sure, in those first minutes, we none of us permitted our fears to embrace so devastating an accident as it was destined to prove. But it was the *Titanic*, a mammoth ship, proudful in her size and power, carrying over two thousand souls and making her maiden voyage from England to America! That was sufficient to impress on the operator the magnitude of the danger and, throwing the earphones to the table, he raced to the first officer who was on watch at the time.

It is a dramatic thought that if the signal had been two or three minutes later we should not have picked it up!

The news was at once brought to me. Curious how trivial things stamp themselves on the mind in moments of crisis. I can remember my door opening—the door near the head of my bunk which communicated with the chartroom. I had but recently turned in and was not asleep, and drowsily I said to myself: "Who the dickens is this cheeky beggar coming into my cabin without knocking?"

Then the first officer was blurting out the facts, and you may be sure I was very soon wide awake, with thoughts for nothing but doing all that was in the ship's power to render the aid called for.

So incredible seemed the news that, having at once given orders to turn the ship—we were bound from New York to Gibraltar and other Mediterranean ports, while the *Titanic* was passing us westward bound, sixty miles to our nor'ard—I got hold of the Marconi operator and assured myself there could have been no mistake.

"Are you sure it is the *Titanic* that requires immediate assistance?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir."

But I had to ask again. "You are absolutely certain?" for remember, the wireless was not at the pitch of perfection and reliability as it is today.

"Quite certain," he replied.

"All right," I said then. "Tell him we are coming along as fast as we can."

I went into the chartroom, having obtained from the operator the *Titanic's* position. It was Lat. 41° 46 N., Long. 50° 14 W.

I at once worked out the course and issued orders. Within a few minutes of the call we were steaming all we knew to the rescue. The *Carpathia* was a fourteen-knot ship, but that night for three and a half hours she worked up to seventeen knots. One of the first things I did, naturally, was to get up the chief engineer, explain the urgency of matters and, calling out an extra watch in the engine-room, every ounce of power was got from the boilers and every particle of steam used for the engines, turning it from all other uses, such as heating.

There was much to be done. All hands were called, and then began over three hours of restless activity and never-ending anxiety.

For though it was fortunate that our passengers were asleep, the covering of night added to the risks we had to take. Ice! Racing through the dark towards we knew not what danger from bergs, standing on the bridge with everyone keeping a bright look out, I was fully conscious of the danger my own ship and passengers were sharing.

I may say now that the spring of that year was phenomenal in regard to ice. The *Titanic* was on her right course, a course where, it is true, one at times may see ice, but that night was so exceptional as to be unique in anyone's memory. The reason was that two summers before the season had been unusually warm in the far north. Islands of ice had broken adrift from their polar continent and come drifting south. It took two years for these giant remnants to work their way so far south and we were to be amazed when daylight broke to find on every hand berg and floe stretching as far as the eye could reach.

Into that zone of danger we raced the *Carpathia*, every nerve strained watching for the ice. Once I saw one huge fellow towering into the sky quite near—saw it because a star was reflected on its surface—a tiny beam of warning which guided us safely past. If only some such friendly star had glistened into the eyes of the look-out on the *Titanic* . . . . Ah, well, it was not to be.

Before I could take the bridge, however, there were a thousand and one things to be done. They were started at once. Even as I stood in the chartroom working out the position I saw the bosun's mate pass with the watch off to wash down decks. I called him, told him to knock off routine work and get all our boats ready for lowering, not making any noise. Questioning surprise leapt into his eyes.

"It's all right," I assured him. "We are going to another vessel in distress."

The first officer I called was the engineer. Speed was the imperative need. When he had gone to turn out his extra watch — and as soon as the men heard what was wanted and why, many of them went to work without waiting to dress; good fellows! I had up the English doctor, purser, and chief steward, and to these I gave instructions.

* * * *

Meanwhile, we were ploughing on through the night—a brilliant night of stars. I had been able to go to the bridge.

To me there the Marconi operator came reporting he had picked up a message from the *Titanic* to the *Olympic* asking the latter to have all her boats ready. The sense of tragedy was growing. But the *Olympic*, homeward bound, was hundreds of miles away, very much farther than we were. The *Titanic* had also called us. They asked how long we should be getting up.

"Say about four hours," I told the operator (we did it in three and a half hours), "and tell her we shall have all our boats in readiness and all other preparations necessary to receive the rescued."

While we were talking together I saw a green flare about a point on our port bow.

"There's her light," I cried, pointing. "She must be still afloat."

This looked like good news. An hour before the Marconi operator had brought me a message from the *Titanic* that the engine-room was filling. That had looked fatal. It left little doubt that she was going down. So to catch that green flare brought renewed hope.

Almost at once the second officer reported the first iceberg. It lay two points on the port bow and it was the one whose presence was betrayed by the star beam. More and more now were we all keyed up. Icebergs loomed up and fell astern; we never slackened, though sometimes we altered course suddenly to avoid them. It was an anxious time with the *Titanic's* fateful experience very close in our minds. There were seven hundred souls on the *Carpathia;* these lives, as well as all the survivors of the *Titanic* herself, depended on a sudden turn of the wheel.

As soon as there was a chance that we were in view, we started sending up rockets at intervals of about a quarter of an hour and, when still nearer, fired the Company's Roman candles (night signals) to let them know it was the *Carpathia* that was approaching. Occasionally we caught sight of a green light; we were getting pretty near the spot.

By this time the hope that their green signals had at first bred in us was gone. There was no sign of the *Titanic* herself. By now—it was about 3.35 a.m.—we were almost up to the position and had the giant liner been afloat we should have seen her. The skies were clear, the stars gleaming with that brightness which only a keen frosty air brings to them, and visibility was as good as it could be on a moonless night. I put the engines on the "stand by" so that the engineers should be on the alert for instant action. At four o'clock I stopped the engines; we were there.

As if in corroboration of that judgment, I saw a green light just ahead of us, low down. That must be a boat I knew and, just as I was planning to come alongside, I saw a big berg immediately in front of us—the second officer reporting it at the same moment. I had meant to take the boat on the port side, which was the lee side if anything, though there was not much wind or sea. But the iceberg altered the plan. It was necessary to move with the utmost expedition. I swung the ship round and so came alongside the first of the *Titanic's* boats on the starboard side.

Devoutly thankful I was that the long race was over; every minute had brought its risk—a risk that only keen eyes and quick decisions could meet--but with that feeling was the ache which the now certain knowledge of the liner's loss brought. No sign of her—and below was the first boat containing survivors.

A hail came up from her. "We have only one seaman in the boat and cannot work very well."

They were a little way off our gangway.

"All right," I told them and brought the vessel right alongside. Then they started climbing aboard. Obviously they had got away in a hurry, for there were only twenty-five of them, whereas the capacity of the boat was fully forty. They were in charge of one officer.

I asked that this officer should come to me as soon as he was on board, and to him I put that heart-rending inquiry, knowing with a terrible certainty what his answer was to be.

"The *Titanic* has gone down?"

"Yes," he said; one word that meant so much—so much that the man's voice broke on it. "She went down at about two-thirty."

An hour and a half ago? Alas, that we had not been nearer!

But there was no time for vain regrets. Daylight was just setting in and what a sight that new day gradually revealed! Everywhere were icebergs. About a third of a mile on our starboard beam was the one that a few minutes ago had faced us; less than a hundred feet off our port quarter was a growler—a broken-off lump of ice ten to fifteen feet high and twenty-five feet long. But stretching as far as the eye could reach were masses of them. I instructed a junior officer to go to the wheel-house deck and count them. Twenty-five there were over two hundred feet in height and dozens ranging from a hundred and fifty down to fifty feet.

And amid the tragic splendour of them as they lay in the first shafts of the rising sun, boats of the lost ship floated. From that moment we went on picking them up, and as the rescued came aboard their thankfulness for safety was always mingled with the sense of their loss and the chattering cold that possessed them. Many of the women had been hours in those open boats, shielded from the almost arctic cold only by a coat hastily thrown over night clothes—telling of the urgency with which they had left the ship, suggesting to the imagination awful long-drawn-out anxiety before the slips were loosed and the boat was on the water and away.

Slowly we cruised from boat to boat, and as we neared the end of our questing, one gathered the enormity of the disaster. Altogether we picked up seven hundred and six persons; but on the *Titanic* crew and passengers numbered over 2,000 — so many hundreds lost who a few short hours before had been members of a gay and distinguished company—half-way through the maiden voyage of the world's largest liner!

While we slowly cruised, we held a service in the first-class dining-room—in memory of those who were lost and giving thanks for those who had been saved.

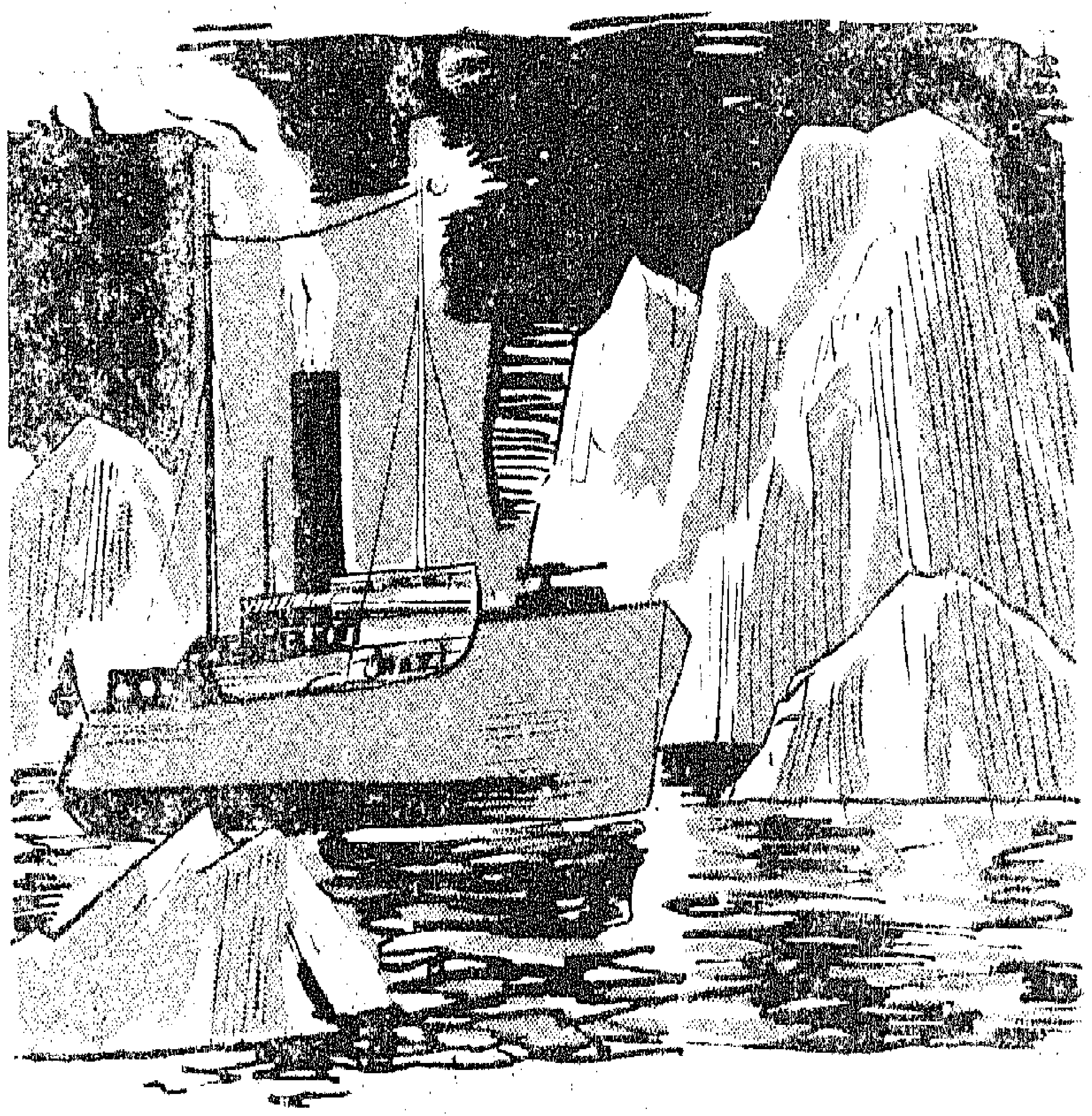
Except for the boats beside the ship and the icebergs, the sea was strangely empty. Hardly a bit of wreckage floated—just a deck-chair or two, a few life-belts, a good deal of cork; no more flotsam than one can often see on a seashore drifted in by the tide. The ship had plunged at the last, taking everything with her. I saw only one body in the water; the intense cold made it hopeless for anyone to live long in it.

* * *

It had been, indeed, an eventful week—eventful in the history of shipping it was to prove. One of the results was that the Board of Trade made new regulations that on every ship at sea there were to be carried sufficient boats to accommodate all passengers and crew. Today it seems incredible that it needed this appalling calamity to bring in such a regulation—and it hardly bears thinking about that if there had been sufficient boats that night when the *Titanic* was lost every soul aboard could have been saved, since it was two and a half hours after she struck that she tilted her mammoth stern into the heavens and sank by the head, taking with her all that were unprovided for. Now, yonder from Portsmouth even on the little ferry boats that ply between that port and the Isle of Wight there are life-saving appliances for all the passengers the ferries can hold.

One other good thing resulted from the disaster. Supported by both Britain and America, there is now a constant ice patrol—from March to July or August—always watching along the latitudes where sometimes the ice reaches—and reporting to all shipping whenever there float out of the icy maw of the far north bergs which might bring to some other ill-fated ship the calamity which met the *Titanic*.

Titanic! Of all the remarkable incidents connected with the short life of that ship of destiny not the



Ice Patrol

least was her name. If you look in your dictionary you will find: "Titans.—A race of people vainly striving to overcome the forces of nature."

Could anything be more unfortunate than such a name, anything more significant?

Sir Arthur H. Rostron

Comprehension

1. At what stage of your reading of this story do you realize who the narrator is?
2. What circumstances made it possible for the *Carpathia* to receive the S.O.S. call from the *Titanic*?
3. How did the Marconi operator react to this dreadful call?
4. Why did the captain of the *Carpathia* not believe the operator's report at once?

5. What measures were taken by the *Carpathia* to rush to the rescue of the sinking ship?
6. What difficulties did the rescue ship have to face on her way?
7. Why is the night of the disaster considered so unusual?
8. 'The sense of tragedy was growing.' Explain why.
9. Why did the sight of the green flare bring renewed hope of saving the vessel?
10. Why were the officers and men of the *Carpathia* full of anxiety?
11. How did they let the *Titanic* know that they were approaching?
12. When did they abandon hope of saving the vessel?
13. 'But the iceberg altered the plan.' What was the plan and how was it altered?
14. How were the survivors in the first boat saved?
15. 'One word that meant so much.' What was the word and what did it mean?
16. What was the Captain's one 'vain regret'?
17. Describe the sight that the rescuers saw at sunrise.
18. To what extent was the *Carpathia* able to render help? What was the condition of the survivors?

Language study

1. Make a list of all the nautical terms used in the lesson. Find their exact meanings.
2. Give other words for the following:
   appalling, mammoth, drowsily, incredible, phenomenal, fatal, glistened.
3. Express the following in another way:
   the alarm growing in his mind; the magnitude of the danger; a dramatic thought; at the pitch of perfection; hours of restless activity and never-ending anxiety; homeward bound; put the engines on the 'stand by'; with the utmost expedition; the enormity of the disaster.

4. Use the following phrases and expressions in sentences of your own:
   in favourable circumstances; maiden voyage; moment of crisis; blurt out; the urgency of matters; every nerve strained; a thousand and one things; routine work; in distress; keyed up; on the alert.

5. Explain fully the following:
   - (a) None of us permitted our fears to embrace so devastating an accident.
   - (b) We were steaming all we knew to the rescue.
   - (c) Questioning surprise leapt into his eyes.
   - (d) Speed was the imperative need.
   - (e) As if in corroboration of that judgment, I saw a green light.
   - (f) Amid the tragic splendour of them . . . . boats of the lost ship floated.

6. Give the noun forms of these adjectives:
   devastating, trivial, significant, phenomenal, tragic, unique.

7. Give the adjective forms of these nouns:
   anxiety, regulation, disaster, history, assistance, reliability, visibility.

Composition

1 Narrate the story of the loss of the *Titanic* as related by the Marconi operator.

2. Read an account of a wreck of any other large and famous ship and note down the causes which brought about her loss.

3. Write a story of any adventure at sea that you may have read or heard of.

30. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Sir John Moore was an English general who, during the Napoleonic Wars with France, carried out a masterly retreat of a small British army to a fortress on the Spanish coast in an attempt to sail back to England. The French soldiers who pursued the retreating English troops were beaten off; but the English general was killed by a cannon ball and was buried at midnight on the ramparts of the fort. The story is supposed to be told by one of Sir John Moore's devoted and grief-stricken soldiers.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
  And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
  And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
  But we left him alone with his glory.

C. Wolfe

1. What was unusual about the burial of Sir John Moore?
2. Describe the scene of the burial and the appearance of the General. Do you find these pictures striking? Give reasons for your answer.
3. 'And we bitterly thought of the morrow.' What was the bitter thought?
4. Why was the foe 'sullenly firing'?
5. Quote two separate lines from the poem in which the sound of the words suggest the sense of the action.
6. Give examples of *alliteration* from the poem.
7. Note the stately rhythm of the verses. Do you think it is suited to the theme of the poem? Why?

31. THE GIRAFFE AND THE LION

From the beginning of time till the twentieth century, man's only interest in wild animals was to destroy them. In modern times, however, a new type of hunter has arisen, one who hunts with the camera rather than the rifle. Charry Kearton was one of the pioneers in this field. In the following pages he describes in an interesting manner a quiet tussle between a lion and a giraffe which he saw in an African forest. The extract reveals the author's sympathetic understanding of wild animals.

EARLY one morning, after a fruitless night, the lioness returned to the lair and her cubs while the lion continued to hunt. Through long brown grass which barely covered his back, he crept, moving stealthily so that no pronounced motion of the blades of grass should betray his presence. He sighted a herd of wildebeest[1] returning from the river and crept after them. At a distance of a hundred and fifty yards he crouched, knowing that if he approached closer while the sentinels of the herd were facing towards him, he would be seen at once and the wildebeest would scamper away. But if, without any movement on his part, the animals should come closer, feeding as they came, he might then be able to draw nearer still under cover of the grass—near enough to be able to charge.

But although at first the herd came slowly but steadily forward, the sentinels soon became uneasy, standing still and peering towards the hidden lion. As they stopped, the herd behind them also stopped, as yet unalarmed and continuing to graze, but ready to bolt the instant the alarm was given. At last one of the two

[1] Wildebeest—a species of antelope found in East and South Africa.

sentinels ventured a few yards farther. Then, though the lion made no movement, the wildebeest was suddenly overcome by his suspicions and without further inquiry he turned and bolted. Instantly the other sentinel and the whole herd thundered away across the stretch of open land.

Without raising his back above the top of the sea of grass the lion turned and moved away. It was useless for him to pursue the stampeded herd; other prey could just as easily be found, and then perhaps his stalk would be more fortunate.

Under a group of trees some little distance away, a herd of giraffe were standing, their heads among the leaves, their patterned bodies and necks almost indistinguishable until they moved. Yet the lion saw them, and since nothing else was in sight he began to stalk them.

Nearer and nearer he came without rousing suspicion. He saw that there were five fully grown giraffes and one very small youngster. He knew that though the herd could gallop away, easily outdistancing him, the young one would be quickly caught if the others deserted it; and he crept forward so as to cut it off from the rest of the herd. Its mother stood close beside it, her front legs spread wide as she slowly lowered her head and began to rub her nose against a low ant-hill. Then, startled as the lion drew near, she suddenly looked up, gazing into the lion's eyes as they showed through the thinning blades of grass.

Though she could make no noise, the rest of the herd, now separated from her by the clump of trees, knew instantly that there was cause for alarm and with their tails twirling aloft in the air they raced away. For a second the mother giraffe seemed to think of following them; then she turned to her youngster and shepherding it before her, she set off as quickly as its shorter legs could move. As she followed in the direction taken by the herd, already disappearing into the distant haze, she repeatedly cast anxious glances behind her; and the lion, no longer troubling to stalk her, drew quickly nearer openly and with none of his usual wariness.

The mother giraffe quickly realized that escape was impossible. Turning to face the lion, she nosed her youngster into the only place of comparative safety—the space beneath her body, between her fore and hind legs.

Balanced there on her thin, spindle-like legs, she must have appeared no match for the lion; yet for the moment she and her young one were safe. The lion, instead of advancing, began slowly to circle round her, never encroaching on the thirty yards of ground that separated them, keeping his eyes steadily on his prey and ready to escape the giraffe's only weapon which he regarded as too deadly to allow of nearer approach. For if he came within range, the giraffe's front foot would suddenly shoot out with enormous force—a kick that might easily disable him; or if without coming so close he nevertheless drew a little nearer and for an instant shifted his gaze, she might run forward, steady herself for a second and then launch that terrible kick so strongly as to break his shoulder.

As the lion circled, seeking the moment when he could rush in without danger to himself, the giraffe turned, so that her face was always towards the lion and her front legs were continually ready for action. And all the time, while she turned and manoeuvred, she kept her youngster in its refuge under her body.

Many times the lion circled round her. Once the baby giraffe became confused among its mother's movements and stepped for an instant out of its shelter. Thinking that his chance of securing that tender meal had come, the lion ventured closer; instantly the mother giraffe stepped quickly forward and struck a deadly blow which missed him by inches—then she recovered herself and before the lion could take advantage of her lack of poise she was again astride her youngster and at bay.

To the baby giraffe that was an hour of terror. It saw the lion continually circling, shutting off escape, it heard his terrible coughs, it became worried and confused amid its fright by the constant turning and by the gentle blows which it received from its mother's hind legs whenever it failed to turn as she turned. Its head just touched its mother's body, and from between her front legs it stared in utter terror at the lion.

An hour passed. For all that time the mother stood at bay, turning slowly, never too much and never too little, her eyes never leaving the lion's head, seeing every plan for sudden movement, every threatened spring. But as the heat of the sun grew more blazing, the tenseness of the lion's attitude began to relax. Once he stopped and stood watching the giraffe as if uncertain whether to risk a sudden attack. Then he recommenced his slow circling, but his eyes followed the movements of the giraffe less surely and again and again he seemed to hesitate, on the point of turning away. Then suddenly he turned and went, without once looking behind him, towards his lair.

The mother giraffe watched till he was out of sight, then she put down her long neck to nose the youngster in the right direction, and began quietly to shepherd it in the path taken by the rest of the herd.

From Cherry Kearton's
THE ANIMALS CAME TO DRINK

Comprehension

1. How did the lion plan to hunt the herd of wildebeest?
2. What caused the herd to run away?
3. Why did the lion not pursue it?
4. Why were the giraffes not easily distinguishable?
5. What did the lion think when he saw the herd?
6. How did the giraffes become aware of their danger?
7. Why did the mother giraffe not run away with the rest of the herd? What did she do instead?
8. Why did the lion not think it necessary to stalk the giraffe? How did he try to get his prey?
9. 'The only place of comparative safety.' What was this? Why was it the 'only' place of safety?
10. What was the giraffe's only weapon? Mention some animals which have other kinds of 'weapons' for attacking their enemies.
11. How was the giraffe protecting herself and her young one?
12. Did the lion get any chance at all of attacking the baby giraffe successfully?
13. Why did the lion finally abandon the attack?
14. Suggest any other title for this story.
15. In what part of the world is this story located?

Language study

1. Make a list of words used in the lesson which describe
   (a) quick movement;
   (b) slow movement.
2. Find the words in *List A* nearest in meaning to the words or groups of words in *List B*.
   List A: crouched, startled, poise, peering, launch, wariness, spindle-like, manoeuvre.
   List B: caution, discharge, frightened, planned movement, balance, long and thin, peeping lay low.

3. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:
   stealthily; venture; outdistance; scamper; cause for alarm; no match for; encroach on; within range; enormous; a deadly blow.
4. Express in another way the following:
   betray his presence; under cover of the grass; overcome by his suspicions; to pursue the stampeded herd; their patterned bodies and necks almost indistinguishable; with their tails twirling aloft; disappearing into the distant haze.
5. In the lesson the author has used as verbs certain words which are normally used as nouns. Find them and give their meanings.
6. (a) Note the prefixes 're', 'un', 'in', in the words recommenced, unalarmed, indistinguishable. What do the prefixes mean? Give five other words containing each of these prefixes.
   (b) In the words 'fruitless' and 'tenseness', 'less', and 'ness' are suffixes. What do these suffixes mean? Give five other words containing each of these suffixes.
7. A lion's dwelling place is called a lair. What is the dwelling place of the following animals called?
   sheep, chickens, dogs, horses, pigs.

Composition

1. Narrate in your own words the most interesting part of the story.
2. Write a description of a lion *successfully* stalking a herd of wild deer.
3. Compare this story of a mother's love with the one you read about in '*The Intelligence of Elephants.*' Which of them appeals to you more and why?

32. LITTLE HOUSEWIVES

This extract is taken from *Little Women* by Louisa M. Alcott which tells the story of the everyday life of an ordinary but delightful family. The 'little women' here are the four sisters, Jo, Meg, Beth and Amy March, who have been left by their mother to run the house for a day. You will enjoy reading about the embarrassing experiences the girls had when they tried to manage the affairs of the household all by themselves.

I

WHEN they got up on Saturday morning, there was no fire in the kitchen, no breakfast in the dining-room, and no mother anywhere to be seen.

"Mercy on us! What has happened?" cried Jo. staring about her in dismay.

Meg ran upstairs, and soon came back again, looking relieved, but rather bewildered, and a little ashamed.

"Mother isn't sick, only very tired, and she says she is going to stay quietly in her room all day, and let us do the best we can. It's a very queer thing for her to do, she doesn't act a bit like herself; but she says it has been a hard week for her, so we musn't grumble, but take care of ourselves."

"That's easy enough, and I like the idea; I'm aching for something to do—that is, some new amusement, you know," added Jo quickly.

In fact, it was an immense relief to them all to have a little work, and they took hold with a will, but soon realized the truth of Hannah's saying, "Housekeeping ain't no joke." There was plenty of food in the larder, and, while Beth and Amy set the table, Meg and Jo got breakfast, wondering as they did so, why servants ever talked about hard work.

"I shall take some up to mother, though she said we were not to think of her, for she'd take care of herself," said Meg, who presided, and felt quite matronly behind the teapot.

So a tray was fitted out before any one began, and taken up, with cook's compliments. The boiled tea was very bitter, the omelette scorched, and the biscuits speckled with baking-powder; but Mrs. March received her repast with thanks, and laughed heartily over it after Jo was gone.

"Poor little souls, they will have a hard time, I'm afraid; but they don't suffer, and it will do them good," she said, producing the more palatable viands with which she had provided herself, and disposing of the bad breakfast, so that their feelings might not be hurt—a motherly little deception, for which they were grateful.

Many were the complaints below, and great the chagrin of the head cook at her failures. "Never mind, I'll get the dinner, and be servant; you be mistress, keep your hands nice, see company, and give orders," said Jo, who knew still less than Meg about culinary affairs.

This obliging offer was gladly accepted; and Margaret retired to the parlour, which she hastily put in order by whisking the litter under the sofa, and shutting the blinds, to save the trouble of dusting. Jo, with perfect faith in her own powers, immediately put a note in the office, inviting Laurie to dinner.

"You'd better see what you have got before you think of having company," said Meg, when informed of the hospitable but rash act.

"Oh, there's meat and plenty of potatoes; and I shall get some asparagus and a lobster, 'for a relish', as Hannah says. We'll have lettuce, and make a salad. I don't know how, but the book tells. I'll have blanc-mange and strawberries for dessert; and coffee, too, if you want to be elegant."

"Don't try too many messes, Jo, for you can't make anything but gingerbread and molasses candy, fit to eat. I wash my hands of the dinner-party; and, since you have asked Laurie on your own responsibility, you may just take care of him."

"I don't want you to do anything but be civil to him, and help with the pudding. You'll give me your advice if I get in a muddle, won't you?" asked Jo, rather hurt.

"Yes; but I don't know much, except about bread, and a few trifles. You had better ask mother's leave before you order anything," returned Meg prudently.

"Of course I shall; I'm not a fool," and Jo went off in a huff at the doubts expressed of her powers.

"Get what you like, and don't disturb me; I'm going out to dinner, and can't worry about things at home," said Mrs. March, when Jo spoke to her. "I never enjoyed housekeeping, and I'm going to take a vacation today, and read, write, go visiting, and amuse myself."

The unusual spectacle of her busy mother rocking comfortably, and reading early in the morning, made Jo feel as if some unnatural phenomenon had occurred; for an eclipse, an earthquake, or a volcanic eruption would hardly have seemed stranger.

"Everything is out of sorts, somehow," she said to herself, going downstairs. "There's Beth crying; that's a sure sign that something is wrong with this family."

Feeling very much out of sorts herself, Jo hurried into the parlour to find Beth sobbing over Pip, the canary, who lay dead in the cage, with his little claws pathetically extended as if imploring for the food for want of which he had died.

"It's all my fault—I forgot him—there isn't a seed or a drop left. O Pip! O Pip! how could I be so cruel to you?" cried Beth, taking the poor thing in her hands, and trying to restore him.

Jo peeped into his half-open eye, felt his little heart, and finding him stiff and cold, shook her head, and offered her domino-box for a coffin.

"The funeral shall be this afternoon and we will all go. Now, don't cry, Bethy; it's a pity, but nothing goes right this week, and Pip has had the worst of the experiment. Make the shroud, and lay him in my box; and after the dinner-party, we'll have a nice little funeral," said Jo, beginning to feel as if she had undertaken a good deal.

Leaving the others to console Beth, she departed to the kitchen, which was in a most discouraging state of confusion. Putting on a big apron, she fell to work and got the dishes piled up ready for washing, when she discovered that the fire was out.

"Here's a sweet prospect!" muttered Jo, slamming the stove-door open, and poking vigorously among the cinders.

Having rekindled the fire, she thought she would go to market while the water heated. The walk revived her spirits and, flattering herself that she had made good bargains, she trudged home again, after buying a very young lobster, some very old asparagus, and two boxes of acid strawberries. By the time she got cleared up, the dinner arrived, and the stove was red-hot. Hannah had left a pan of bread to rise, Meg had worked it up early, set it on the hearth for a second rising and forgotten it. Meg was entertaining Sallie Gardiner in the parlour, when the door flew open, and a floury, flushed and dishevelled figure appeared, demanding tartly, —

"I say, isn't bread 'riz' enough when it runs over the pans?"

Sallie began to laugh; but Meg nodded, and lifted her eyebrows as high as they would go, which caused the apparition to vanish, and put the sour bread into the oven without further delay. Mrs. March went out, after peeping here and there to see how matters went, also saying a word of comfort to Beth, who sat making a winding-sheet, while the dear departed lay in state in the domino-box. A strange sense of helplessness fell upon the girls as the grey bonnet vanished round the corner; and despair seized them when, a few minutes later, Miss Crocker appeared, and said she'd come to dinner. Now, this lady was a thin, yellow spinster, with a sharp nose and inquisitive eyes, who saw everything, and gossiped about all she saw. They disliked her, but had been taught to be kind to her, simply because she was old and poor, and had few friends. So Meg gave her the easy-chair, and tried to entertain her, while she asked questions, criticized everything, and told stories of the people whom she knew.

II

Language cannot describe the anxieties, experiences, and exertions which Jo underwent that morning; and the dinner she served up became a standing joke. Fearing to ask any more advice, she did her best alone, and discovered that something more than energy and goodwill is necessary to make a cook. She boiled the asparagus for an hour, and was grieved to find the heads cooked off and the stalks harder than ever. The bread burnt black, for the salad-dressing so aggravated her, that she let everything else go till she had convinced herself that she could not make it fit to eat. The lobster was a scarlet mystery to her, but she hammered and poked, till it was unshelled. The potatoes had to be hurried, not to keep the asparagus waiting, and were not done at last. The blanc-mange was lumpy, and the strawberries not as ripe as they looked.

"Well, they can eat meat, and bread and butter, if they are hungry; only it's mortifying to have to spend your whole morning for nothing," thought Jo, as she rang the bell half-an-hour later than usual, and stood, hot, tired, and dispirited, surveying the feast spread for Laurie, accustomed to all sorts of elegance, and Miss Crocker, whose curious eyes would mark all failures, and whose tattling tongue would report them far and wide.

Poor Jo would gladly have gone under the table, as one thing after another was tasted and left; while Amy goggled, Meg looked distressed, Miss Crocker pursed up her lips, and Laurie talked and laughed with all his might, to give a cheerful note to the festive scene. Jo's one strong point was the fruit, for she had sugared it well, and had a pitcher of rich cream to eat with it. Her hot cheeks cooled a trifle, and she drew a long breath as the pretty glass plates went round, and every one looked graciously at the little rosy islands floating in a sea of cream. Miss Crocker tasted first, made a wry face, and drank some water hastily. Jo, who had refused, thinking there might not be enough, for they dwindled sadly after the picking over, glanced at Laurie, but he was eating away manfully, though there was a slight pucker about his mouth, and he kept his eyes fixed upon his plate. Amy, who was fond of delicate fare, took a heaping spoonful, choked, hid her face in her napkin, and left the table suddenly.

"Oh, what is it?" exclaimed Jo, trembling.

"Salt instead of sugar, and the cream is sour'" replied Meg, with a tragic gesture.

Jo uttered a groan, and fell back in her chair, remembering that she had given a last hasty powdering to the berries out of one of the two boxes on the kitchen table, and had neglected to put the milk in the refrigerator. She turned scarlet, and was on the verge of crying, when she met Laurie's eyes, which *would* look merry in spite of his heroic efforts; the comical side of the affair suddenly struck her, and she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. So did every one else, even "Croaker," as the girls called the old lady; and the unfortunate dinner ended gaily, with bread and butter, olives and fun.

"I haven't the strength of mind to clear up now, so we will sober ourselves with a funeral," said Jo, as they rose; so Miss Crocker made ready to go, being eager to tell the new story at another friend's dinner-table.

They did sober themselves for Beth's sake. Laurie dug a grave under the ferns in the grove and little Pip was laid in, with many tears by his tender-hearted mistress, and covered with moss.

Meg helped Jo clear away the remains of the feast.

which took half the afternoon, and left them so tired that they agreed to be contented with tea and toast for supper. Laurie took Amy out, which was a deed of charity, for the sour cream seemed to have had a bad effect upon her temper. Mrs. March came home to find the three older girls hard at work in the middle of the afternoon; and a glance at the cupboard gave her an idea of the success of one part of the experiment.

Before the housewives could rest, several people called, and there was a scramble to get ready to see them; then tea must be got, errands done; and one or two necessary bits of sewing, neglected till the ~~last~~ minute. As twilight fell, dewy and still, one by one they gathered in the porch where the June roses were budding beautifully, and each groaned or sighed as she sat down, as if tired or troubled.

"What a dreadful day this has been!" began Jo, usually the first to speak.

"It has seemed shorter than usual, but so uncomfortable," said Meg. "Not a bit like home," added Amy.

"It can't seem so without Marmee and little Pip," sighed Beth, glancing, with full eyes, at the empty cage.

"Here's mother, dear, and you shall have another bird tomorrow if you want it."

As she spoke, Mrs. March came and took her place among them, looking as if her holiday had not been much pleasanter than theirs.

"Are you satisfied with your experiment, girls, or do you want another week of it?" she asked, as Beth nestled up to her, and the rest turned towards her with brightening faces, as flowers turn toward the sun.

"I don't!" cried Jo decidedly.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

"You think, then, that it is better to have a few duties, and live a little for others, do you?"

"Lounging and larking doesn't pay," observed Jo, shaking her head. "I'm tired of it, and mean to go to work at something right off."

"Supposing you learn plain cooking; that's a useful accomplishment, which no woman should be without," said Mrs. March, laughing inaudibly at the recollection of Jo's dinner-party; for she had met Miss Crocker, and heard her account of it.

"Mother, did you go away and let everything be, just to see how we'd get on?" cried Meg, who had had suspicions all day.

"Yes; I wanted you to see how the comfort of all depends on each doing her share faithfully. While Hannah and I did your work, you got on pretty well, though I don't think you were very happy or amiable; so I thought, as a little lesson, I would show you what happens when everyone thinks only of herself. Don't you feel that it is pleasanter to help one another, to have daily duties which make leisure sweet when it comes, and to bear and forbear, that home may be comfortable and lovely to us all?"

"We do, Mother, we do!" cried the girls.

"Then let me advise you to take up your little burdens again; for though they seem heavy sometimes, they are good for us, and lighten as we learn to carry them. Work is wholesome, and there is plenty for every one; it keeps us from boredom and mischief, and gives us a sense of power and independence better than money or fashion."

"We'll work like bees, and love it too; see if we don't!" said Jo. "I'll make the set of shirts for father, instead of letting you do it, Marmee. I can and I will though I'm not fond of sewing; that will be better than fussing over my own things, which are nice enough as they are," said Meg.

"I'll do my lessons every day, and not spend so much time with my music and dolls. I am a stupid thing, and ought to be studying, not playing," was Beth's resolution; while Amy followed their example, by heroically declaring, "I shall learn to make button-holes, and attend to my parts of speech."

"Very good, then I am quite satisfied with the experiment, and fancy that we shall not have to repeat it; only don't go to the other extreme, and delve like slaves. Have regular hours for work and play; make each day both useful and pleasant."

"We'll remember, Mother!" and they did.

Adapted from Louisa M. Alcott's
LITTLE WOMEN

Comprehension

A
1. What unusual things were noticeable in the March household one Saturday morning?
2. Why did Meg and Jo criticize the servants for complaining about hard work?
3. What did Mrs. March think of the breakfast made by the girls?
4. What was the 'motherly little deception' which she practised? How could the girls be grateful for it?
5. What did Meg consider to be a 'rash act'? Why was it rash?
6. What did Jo propose to have for dinner?
7. Why was Meg doubtful about the success of the party?
8. What was the cause of Beth's grief?
9. What happened to the bread which Hannah had left to rise?
10. Describe Jo's feelings before she began preparing the dinner and after it was ready.
11. Describe the dinner that Jo finally prepared.
12. How did Laurie behave at the dinner? What opinion have you formed of Laurie from his behaviour?

13. What was the comical side of the dinner which made everybody laugh?
14. Why did the girls call the old lady 'Croaker'?
15. 'We will sober ourselves with a funeral.' Explain how they did this.
16. Show how the little housewives were kept busy long after the dinner.
17. Which of the four girls do you think was the most mature? Give reasons for your answer.
18. What was Mrs. March's idea in leaving the girls to themselves?
19. What was the purpose behind the experiment?
20. How far was the experiment successful?

B Give reasons for the following:
- (a) Meg soon came back again looking relieved, but rather bewildered.
- (b) Mrs. March produced the more palatable viands with which she had provided herself.
- (c) The unusual spectacle made Jo feel as if some unnatural phenomenon had occurred.
- (d) Meg lifted her eyebrows as high as they would go.
- (e) 'O Pip! how could I be so cruel to you?' cried Beth.
- (f) Despair seized them when, a few minutes later, Miss Crocker appeared.
- (g) Amy took a heaping spoonful, choked, hid her face in her napkin, and left the table.

Language study

1. What words do we commonly use for the following? repast, viands, culinary, molasses, acid, chagrin, precipitately, pucker, tartly, larking.
2. Which words in the text mean the following? with the surface burnt; sweeping lightly and quickly; begging earnestly for; disordered and untidy; something that appears suddenly and mysteriously; making a person feel humiliated or ashamed; rolled the eyes; shrunk in number; apparatus for keeping food cold; sitting or lying in a lazy way.

3. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:
   an immense relief; obliging offer; wash one's hands of; on one's own responsibility; in a muddle; in a huff; out of sorts; make a good bargain; a standing joke; purse one's lips.
4. The following pairs of words are similar in sound but different in meaning:
   compliment, complement; dessert, desert; soul, sole; floury, flowery; eruption, irruption.
   Use each word in a sentence so as to bring out the meaning clearly.
5. Each of the following words has more than one meaning. Give their different meanings:
   fare, litter, rash, retired, blind, civil, prospect, entertaining.
6. 'Mercy on us!' In what situation is this exclamatory remark uttered? Give some other exclamatory remarks that would be made in the same situation.
7. Turn the following into indirect speech:

"Are you satisfied with your experiment, girls, or do you want another week of it?" said Mrs. March.

"I don't!" cried Jo decidedly.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

"You think, then, it is better to have a few duties, and live a little for others, do you?"

"We do, Mother, we do!" cried the girls.

Composition

1. Prepare a menu card for the dinner which Jo had planned for her guests.
2. Write a short description giving a pen-portrait of:
   (a) Jo;
   (b) Miss Crocker.
3. Describe the most humorous situation in the story.
4. Write a humorous account of some occasion when you were left to look after the house.

33. THE ICE-CART

This is a poem of fancy. The poet is sitting on his office stool on an unbearably hot day watching a man in the street handling ice that is loaded in his ice cart. This sets his imagination working, and he soon transports himself to a region of ice and snow, swimming with a pack of seals among the icebergs and later on dropping off to sleep on a sheet of floating ice buried beneath a gentle drift of snow. But the carter suddenly cracks his whip and the poet awakens to 'the grimy heat of that intolerable street.

Perched on my city office-stool
I watched with envy while a cool
And lucky carter handled ice. . . .
And I was wandering in a trice
Far from the grey and grimy heat
Of that intolerable street·
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe
Beneath the still cold ruby glow
Of everlasting Polar night,
Bewildered by the queer half-light,
Until I stumbled unawares
Upon a creek where big white bears
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels
And floundered after shining seals
Through shivering seas of blinding blue.
And, as I watched them, ere I knew
I'd stripped and I was swimming too
Among the seal-pack, young and hale,
And thrusting on with threshing tail,
With twist and twirl and sudden leap
Through crackling ice and salty deep,
Diving and doubling with my kind
Until at last we left behind
Those big white blundering bulks of death,
And lay at length with panting breath

Upon a far untravelled floe
Beneath gentle drift of snow—
  Snow drifting gently fine and white
Out of the endless Polar night,
Falling and falling evermore
Upon that far untravelled shore
Till I was buried fathoms deep
Beneath that cold white drifting sleep—
Sleep drifting deep,
  Deep drifting sleep......
The carter cracked a sudden whip:
I clutched my stool with startled grip,
Awakening to the grimy heat
Of that intolerable street.

W. W. Gibson

1. Why is the carter called 'lucky'?
2. Show how the names of certain precious stones are used by the poet for pictorial effect.
3. Which lines are repeated in the poem? What is the effect of this repetition?
4. What striking pictures do you find in the poem of animal life in the Polar regions?
5. What are 'those big white blundering bulks of death'? Show how the description is very appropriate.
6. Quote the lines which suggest that the poet is dropping off to sleep.
7. Describe the poet's awakening as pictured in the last four lines.
8. Note the harsh sound of the word 'cracked'. Give other such words used by the poet in the last four lines to suggest the descent from pleasant dreams to harsh reality.
9. Explain the significance of the italicized words in the following:
   grey and *grimy* heat; *queer* half-light; *flourished* heels; *shivering* seas of *blinding* blue; *threshing* tail; a far *untravelled* floe

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34. DAVID BALFOUR ON AN ISLET

The passage given here is from *Kidnapped* by Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous author of "Treasure Island" and other tales of adventure and travel that are so popular with boys and girls. David Balfour was a Scottish lad, who had been deprived of his estate by his uncle and was kidnapped under the uncle's orders by the captain of a sailing ship. The ship was wrecked off the Isle of Mull and David fell overboard, but he managed to get ashore on the small island of Earraid.

WITH my stepping ashore I began the most unhappy part of my adventures. It was half-past twelve in the morning, and though the wind was broken by the land, it was a cold night. There was no sound of man or cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the distance, which put me in mind of my perils and those of my friend. To walk by the sea at that hour of the morning and in a place so desert-like and lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

As soon as the day began to break I put on my shoes and climbed a hill—the ruggedest scramble I ever undertook—falling, the whole way, between big blocks of granite, or leaping from one to another. When I got to the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig, which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat, too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon the ocean; and in what I could see of the land was neither house nor man.

I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene. What with my wet clothes and weariness, and my belly that now began to ache with hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes.

After a little, my way was stopped by a creek or inlet of the sea, which seemed to run pretty deep into the land; and as I had no means to get across, I must needs change my direction to go about the end of it. It was still the roughest kind of walking; indeed the whole, not only of Earraid, but of the neighbouring part of Mull (which they call the Ross) is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with heather in among. At first the creek kept narrowing as I had looked to see; but presently to my surprise it began to widen out again. At this I scratched my head, but had still no notion of the truth: until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst

upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little barren isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas.

Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain with a thick mist; so that my case was lamentable.

I stood in the rain and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was fordable. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in. But not three yards from shore, I plumped in head over ears; and if ever I was heard of more it was rather by God's grace than my own prudence. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be), but I was all the colder for this mishap; and having lost another hope, was the more unhappy.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me, that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew indeed that shell-fish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that at first they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me, and revived my strength. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness! Nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me.

All day it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

The second day I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another; it was all desolate and rocky; nothing living on it but game birds which I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious number.

Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay, I could catch a sight of the great, ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness, and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain and the cold sea.

I say it kept hope alive, and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright look-out for boats on the Sound or men passing on the Ross, no help came near me. It still rained; and I turned in to sleep, as wet as ever, and with a cruel, sore throat.

It was the height of summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

My clothes were beginning to rot, my stockings in particular were quite worn through, so that my shanks went naked; my hands had grown quite soft with the continual soaking; my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned against the horrid stuff I was condemned to eat, that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the north-west of Earraid. which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that ever I stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the colour of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue, and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone I thought my heart would have burst. I wept and roared like a wicked child, tearing up the turf with my nails, and grinding my face in the earth. If a wish would kill men, those fishers would never have seen morning, and I should likely have died upon my island.

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shell-fish agreed with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the Sound and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment such as yesterday's was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island.

The next time I counted the full thousands, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry, I must wet it with the sea-water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "Whateffer" several times; but all the rest was Gaelic and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes—yes, yes," says he, and then he looked at the other men, as much as to say, "I told *you* I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then

I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand towards the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out—?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he, "tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid; which is only what they call a tidal islet, and except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had seen the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shell-fish—even I (I say) if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret, and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case; being clothed like a beggarman, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

From R. L. Stevenson's KIDNAPPED

Comprehension

A 1. What fearful conditions did David Balfour notice on the little island on which he was cast ashore?
2. What 'empty scene' did he see from the top of the hill?
3. How did David come to realize that the island was cut off on all sides by the sea?
4. 'Having lost another hope, I was the more unhappy.' What was this hope? What made David give it up?
5. How was David's situation on the islet different from that of Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island?
6. What kind of food did David eat? What were the after-effects of the various meals that he took?
7. How did the sight of smoke over the Ross affect David?
8. 'Yet the worst was not yet come.' Describe David's condition on the second day till the worst trouble came.
9. What made David scan the sea with a fresh interest?
10. Why did the boat not stop the first time? What was the effect of this on David?

11. Why did David start counting many hundreds, and later the full thousands?
12. Why did the boat not come near to pick him up?
13. What was the 'pitiful illusion' which the fishermen guessed? How did David become a victim of this illusion?

B 1. 'At this I scratched my head but had no notion of the truth.' Why did David scratch his head and what was the truth?
2. 'I began to fear and hope exceedingly.' What were the hope and the fear?
3. 'Those two fishers would never have seen morning.' In what circumstances would they not have seen the morning?
4. 'What frightened me most of all, the new man tee-hee'd with laughter.' Why should David have been frightened because the man behaved in this way?
5. 'Even I must have soon guessed the secret.' What secret is referred to here?

Language study

1. Which words in the text have the following meanings?

   motion of vomiting; visiting often; that can be crossed; shrubs; a small boat; became less; ran away from; reduced to; humble and earnest request or prayers; the lowest points of the tides.

2. Find from your lesson:
   - (a) two words meaning 'rock';
   - (b) two words meaning 'most irregular and uneven';
   - (c) two words showing the bad effect of eating raw fish;
   - (d) two words showing the desert-like condition of the island.

3. Explain the following expressions:

   the ruggedest scramble I ever undertook; plumped in head over ears; it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop; head half turned with loneliness; condemned to eat; out of all question; might have been Greek or Hebrew for me; raging at my fate; paid for it pretty dear

4. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:

   befallen; lamentable; prudence; pass it lightly over; out of season; haunted; deliverance; be none the wiser; flash of hope.

5. What is the meaning of the sentence 'I *must needs* change my direction'? Make three sentences of your own using the italicized expression.

6. Show the difference between the meanings of the word in italics in the two sentences in each of the following pairs:

   (a) The surf *broke* outside.
   The wind was *broken* by the land.

   (b) It *burst* upon me all in a moment.
   I thought my heart would have *burst*.

   (c) So I *set* off eastward.
   It *set* me thinking hopefully.

   (d) My heart so *turned* against the horrid stuff.
   I *turned* my back accordingly upon the sea.

   (e) I *reached* up my hands.
   They were out of *reach* of my voice.

   (f) I was as much short of knowledge as of *means*.
   I lacked the *means* to kill.

7. The adjective 'prodigious' is formed from the noun 'prodigy.' What adjectives are formed from the following nouns?

   piteous pity, envy, fury, plenty, joy, mystery.

   Check the spelling of each adjective.

Composition

1. Give in your own words an account of David's worst troubles.
2. Imagine that you are cast on a lonely island. Narrate what you would do.
3. If the three men in the boat could have spoken English, there would have been a long exciting conversation between them and David. Write down this conversation.

35. THE ASCENT OF FUJI-SAN

Fuji-San or Fujiyama is the sacred mountain of Japan, over 12,000 feet high, situated on the Pacific coast at a distance of about 70 miles from Tokyo. It is really a conic volcano which has been extinct since 1709. The mountain is worshipped every year by tens of thousands of people who come to it from all parts of the country. It has long been regarded as a symbol of the Japanese nation. The following description of the ascent of Fuji-San by Sir Edwin Arnold brings vividly before the mind's eye not only the scenic beauty of the mountain but also its importance and significance in the life of the Japanese people.

You would not wonder, if you resided in Japan, that everybody there talks about Fuji, and thinks about her; paints her on fans, and limns her with gold on lacquer; carves her on temple gates and house-fronts, and draws her for curtains of shops, and signboards of inns, rest-houses, and public institutions. Living in Tokyo or Yokohama, you would soon perceive how the great volcano dominates every landscape, asserts perpetually her sovereignty over all other hills and mountains, and becomes, in reality as well as in imagination, an indispensable element in the national scenery. Far away at sea, when approaching Japan, if the weather be clear, long before the faintest blue line of coast is discernible from the deck, there is seen hanging in the air a dim white symmetrical cone, too constant for a cloud, which is Fuji-San. After you have landed, you will be always seeing Fuji-yama from some garden nook some tea-house gallery, some grove of dark fir-trees, or thicket of bamboo, or even from the railway-carriage window. In the spring and autumn, as frequently as not, she will, indeed, be shrouded in the dense masses of white or grey cloud which her crest collects and seems to create from

the mists of the Pacific. But during the summer, when the snows are all melted from the vast cone, and again in winter, when she is covered with snow halfway down her colossal sides, but the air is clear, the superb mountain stands forth, dawn after dawn and evening after evening, like no other eminence in the world for beauty, majesty, and perfectness of outline.........

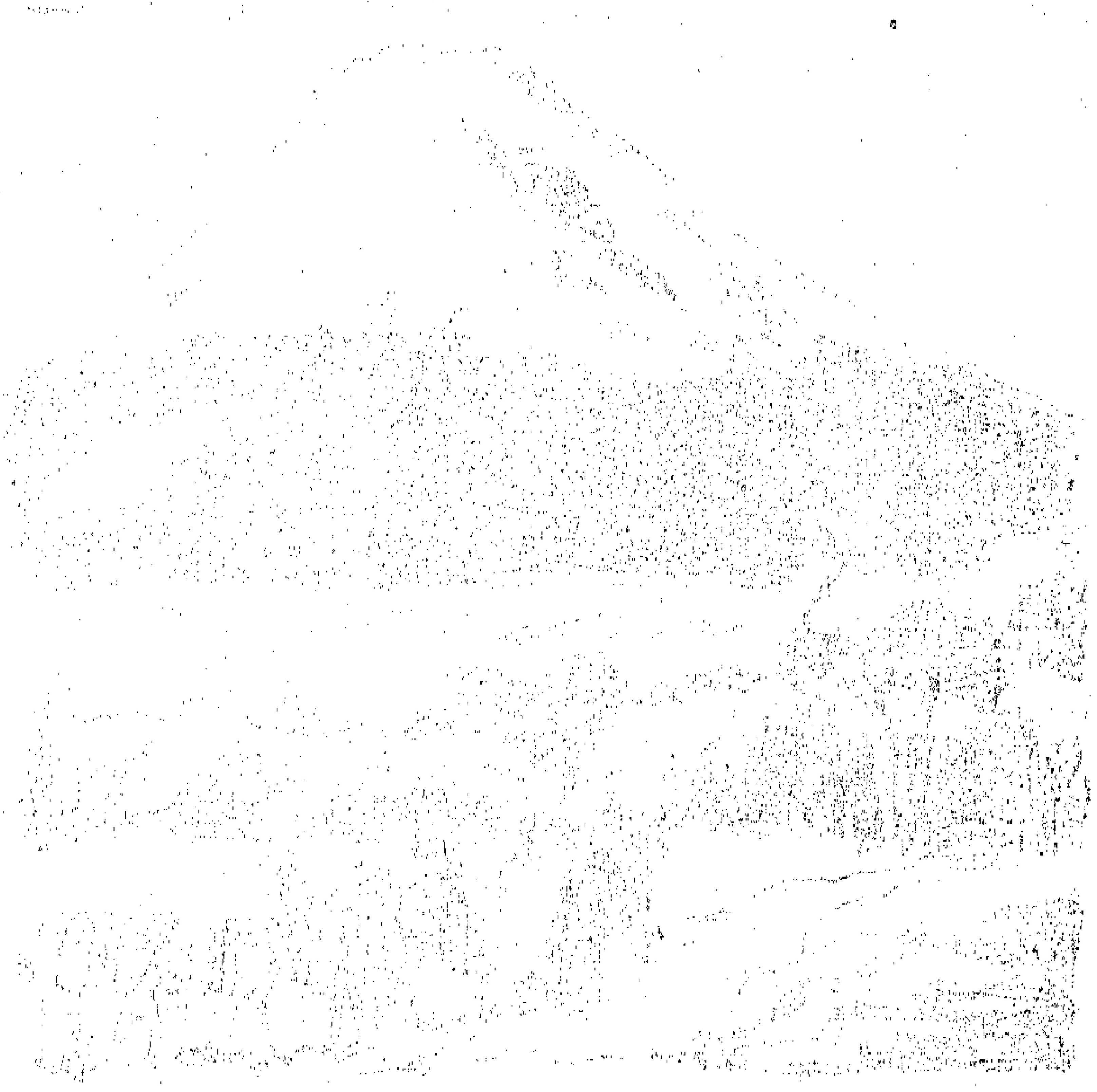
No picture gives, and no artist could ever reproduce, the variety and charm of the aspects which Fuji-San puts on from day to day and hour to hour under the differing influences of air and weather. Sometimes it is as a white cloud that you see her, among the white clouds, changeless among the changeful shapes from which she emerges. Sometimes there will break forth, high above all clouds, a patch of deep grey against the blue, the broad head of Fuji. Sometimes you will only know where she sits by the immense collection of clouds there alone gathered in the sky; and sometimes—principally at dawn and nightfall—she will suddenly manifest herself, from her foot, jewelled with rich harvests, to her brow, bare and lonely as a desert, all violet against the gold of the setting sun, or else all gold and green against the rose and silver of the daybreak.

Fuji-San, even among her loftiest sisters, is a giantess, nearer, by the best calculation, to 13,000 than 12,000 feet of elevation. The legend is that she rose in a single night, at about the date of Alexander the Great; and it is not impossible .... As late as the fourteenth century Fuji was constantly gushing, and fire is spoken of with the eruptions, the last of which took place in December 1707, and continued for nearly forty days. Since then she has slept, and only one little spot under the lip of the crater, where steam exhales and the red pumice-cracks are hot, shows that the heart of the huge volcano yet glows, and that she is capable of destroying again her own beauty and the forests and rich regions of fertility which clothe her knees and feet.

It is a circuit of 120 miles to go all round the base of Fuji-San. If you could cut a tunnel through her, it would be forty miles long. Generally speaking, the lower portion of the mountain is cultivated to a height of 1,500 feet, and it is a whole province which thus climbs round her. From the border of the former there begins a rough and wild but flowery moorland, which stretches round the hill to an elevation of 4,000 feet, where the thick forest-belt commences. This girdles the volcano up to 7,000 feet on the one side and 8,000 feet on the other face, but is lower to the eastward. Above the forest extends a narrow zone of thicket and bush, chiefly dwarfed larch, juniper, and a kind of bilberry; after which comes the bare, burnt, and terribly majestic peak itself, where the only living thing is a little yellow lichen which grows in the fissures of the lava blocks, for no eagle or hawk reaches so high, and the boldest or most bewildered butterfly will not be seen above the bushes half-way down.

The best—indeed the only—time for the ascent of the mountain is between July 15 and September 5. During this brief season the snow will be melted from the cone, the huts upon the path will be opened for pilgrims, and there will be only the danger of getting caught by a typhoon, or reaching the summit to find it swathed day after day in clouds, and no view obtainable.

Having passed through the long slope of the cultivated region on the previous day, our party of three started for the ascent on August 25. At daybreak the horses are brought, and the six coolies, two by two, bind upon their backs the blankets and the food. We start, a long procession, through a broad avenue in the forest, riding for five miles under a lovely dawn, the sun shining gloriously on the forehead of Fuji, who seems farther off and more immensely lofty the nearer we approach. The woodland is full of wild strawberries and flowers, including tiger-lilies, clematis, Canterbury bells, and the blue fire-fly blossom. At 6-30 a.m. we reach the spot where the horses turn back; hence to the mountain top there is nothing for it but to walk every step of the long, steep, and difficult path. Two of the men with the lightest loads lead the way along the narrow path, in a wood so thick that we shall not see Fuji again till we have passed through it. It takes us every now and then through the gates and precincts of little Shinto temples, where the priests offer us tea or mountain water. In one of these, at Ko-mitake, we are invited



to ring the brass gong in order that the deity may make our limbs strong for the task before us. And this is solemnly done by all hands, the coolies slapping their brown thighs piously after sounding the bell. Presently the forest clears away; we are in sunlight again, well upon the lower slopes of Fuji; but the opening is due to an awful phenomenon. In the early part of the year an avalanche had descended down the valley which we are climbing. In a single night Fuji will often collect millions of tons of snow upon her cone, and then will let it slip next day. One of these great snow-slides has rolled down our valley and crushed perfectly flat every shrub and sapling and tree, on a track half a mile wide right through the forest. The stoutest pines and beeches, the sturdiest larches and oaks, are broken short off at the root and pressed close to the earth, just as when a heavy roller goes over long grass. One look at this is enough to explain why it is not prudent to ascend Fuji when the snow lies upon her sides.

Up those sides we must now steadily trudge by a path which begins unpromisingly enough, and grows constantly harder and harder........ A vast stratum of clouds hides at present the lower world; but it breaks away in places to let us see and admire a lovely lake shaped like the new moon. It is already welcome enough to halt and shake the sharp ashes from our boots, while we drink Liebig essence in hot water, and eat tinned meats with an appetite sharpened by the already keen air. But we have a great height yet to climb to No. 6 Station, where we shall lunch, and the path henceforward is of two kinds—both abominable. Either you zigzag to and fro in the loose black and red ashes, too steep and slippery to climb directly, or you pick your way over the rugged slag and clinkers of a lava dyke, which is like ascending a shattered flight of steps or climbing the face of a furnace bank. Every fifteen minutes one or other of the strong mountaineers accompanying us cries out, "O yaoumi!" and we all sink gladly on the nearest block, breathing quick and hard, the air being now so rarefied that it seems impossible to get enough into the lungs.

After each rest, of a minute or two, we plod on towards the little black lava hut marked by fluttering red and white flags, which is our next goal; and truly far off, and very high up, and very hard to reach, each in turn seems to be. Yet, keeping steadily at work, we attain at last to No. 6 Station, where we stand 10,000 feet above the sea........ Presently we start again up this tremendous cone, which seems to soar higher and higher in the blue the harder we toil to conquer it. Nevertheless, early in the afternoon we do reach Station No. 8, where we shall pass the night, more than 11,000 feet above sea-level. Not only is the air very rarefied, but also very cold. There lies a large patch of snow in a hollow of the cone close by, and the water freezes where it drips from the kitchen. All vegetation has vanished, and we are glad to unpack our blankets and lie under them round the fire, while such a meal as the mountain hut can furnish is being prepared. It consists of little else than small salted fish fried upon rice, but we supplement it with tinned provisions, and wash it down with weak whisky and water. To realize the sleep which ensues after pipes and Japanese chat, you must have been yourself climbing from daybreak till four in the afternoon.

At half-past four next morning, while I was dreaming under my thick coverings, a hand touched me and a voice said softly, "Master, here is the sun!" The shutters at my feet were thrown open. I looked out, almost as you might from the moon, over a prodigious abyss of space, beyond which the eastern rim of all the world seemed to be on fire with flaming light. A belt of splendid rose and gold illumined all the horizon, darting long spears of glory into the dark sky overhead, gilding the tops of a thousand hills, scattered over the purple plains below, and casting on the unbroken background of clouds beyond an enormous shadow of Fuji. The spectacle was of unparalleled splendour, recalling Lord Tennyson's line

> ". . . and, in the East,
> God made Himself an awful Rose of Dawn."

Moment by moment it grew more wonderful in loveliness of colour and brilliant birth of day and then, suddenly, just when the sun rolled into sight—an orb of gleaming gold, flooding the world beneath with almost insufferable radiance—a vast mass of dense white clouds swept before the north wind over the view, completely blotting out the sun, the belt of rose and gold, the lighted mountains and plains, and the lower regions of Fuji-San. It was day again, but misty, white, and doubtful; and when we started to climb the last two stages of the cone the flags of the stations were invisible, and we could not know whether we should find the summit clear or wrapped in enveloping clouds.

All was to be fortunate, however, on this happy day; and after a hard clambering of the remaining 2,000 feet we planted our staffs victoriously on the level ground of the crater's lip, and gazed north, south, east, and west, through clear and cloudless atmosphere over a prodigious prospect, whose diameter could not be less than 300 miles. Behind the long row of little black huts, standing on the edge of the mountain, gaped that awful, deadly cup of the volcano—an immense pit half a mile wide and six or seven hundred feet deep, its sides

black, yellow, red, white, and grey, with the varying hues of the lava and scoriae. In one spot, where a perpetual shadow lay, gleamed a large patch of unmelted snow, and there was dust-covered snow at the bottom of the crater. We skirted part of the crater, passed by the dangerous path which is styled, "the place where you must forget parents and children to take care of yourself"; saw the issue of the "Golden famous water," and of the "Silver famous water," and came back to breakfast at our hut silent with the delight and glory, the beauty and terror of the scene. Enormous flocks of fleecy clouds and cloudlets wandered in the lower air, many thousand feet beneath, but nowhere concealed the lakes, peaks, rivers, towns, villages, valleys, sea-coasts, islands, and distant provinces spreading out all around.

Adapted from Sir Edwin Arnold's
SEA AND LANDS

Comprehension

1. How do the Japanese show their appreciation of the greatness of Fuji-San?
2. Give examples to show how the great volcano dominates the entire landscape near Tokyo.
3. Describe the different appearances Fuji-San puts on at different times.
4. Why does the author say that Fuji-San is capable of destroying again her own beauty?
5. What kind of vegetation is found on the sides of the mountain at different heights?
6. What is the best time to climb Fuji-San? Why is it so?
7. Describe the first part of the ascent of Fuji-San.
8. What was the effect of the avalanche on the vegetation in its path?
9. Why is the path to Station No. 6 extremely difficult?
10. What were the experiences of the climbing party at Station No. 8?

11. Give a description of the sunrise as seen from this spot.
12. Why is the day described as 'misty, white, and doubtful'?
13. Describe in your own words the crater of Fuji-San.

Language study

1. Give other words for:
   limns, discernible, crest, eminence, girdles, ensues, dwarfed, swathed, abominable, rarefied, clambering.
2. Which words in the passage mean the following?
   rises above and overlooks; cannot be done without; having beauty of proportion; space enclosed by the outer walls of a building; mass of snow, ice, stones etc. rushing down a mountain; narrow openings or cracks.
3. Use the following in sentences of your own:
   superb; shrouded in; colossal; emerge; manifest; generally speaking; an awful phenomenon; appetite sharpened by; shattered; supplement.
4. Explain the following:
   (a) The great volcano.........asserts perpetually her sovereignty over all other hills and mountains.
   (b) The heart of the volcano yet glows.
   (c) It is a whole province which thus climbs round her.
   (d) We must now steadily trudge by a path which begins unpromisingly enough.
   (e) The spectacle was of unparalleled splendour.
5. Here are some striking word pictures used in the text:
   (a) Her foot, jewelled with rich harvests;
   (b) A lovely lake shaped like the new moon.
   Find other similar word pictures from the text.
6. Form adjectives from:
   variety, elevation, legend, promise, majesty, province, appetite, splendour, shadow, glory.
   Use each adjective in a sentence.

7. Give the opposite of:
   beauty, variety, constantly, exhales, destroying, fertility.

Composition

1. Find out all you can about Vesuvius and write an interesting description of this volcanic mountain.
2. Describe, somewhat in the style of the last paragraph, a view from any mountain that you have climbed or read about.

36. SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

In John Drinkwater's poem, *Mrs. Willow,* you were told about a quiet ordinary person who led a very simple life at home, but who seemed very glum and behaved in a queer manner. The sweet young maid in the poem by W. H. Davies also passes her days within the narrow confines of her home. But she is happy and contented with her life and there is no mystery about her.

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent;
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.

Thou hast not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes.
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough,
I love thee for a heart that's kind—
Not for the knowledge of thy mind.

W. H. Davies

1. The poet addresses the simple maid as "Sweet Stay-at-Home', 'Sweet Well-content' and 'Sweet Love-one-place.' Which of the three titles do you think is the most appropriate one for the maid?
2. Pictures of different foreign lands are presented in the poem. Which are these lands and where are they situated?
3. The poem tells us about the qualities which the maid does not possess and also about those she does possess. Quote the lines which indicate her positive qualities.
4. Give striking examples from the poem on the use of *alliteration*.
5. Quote and explain the two *similes* used in the poem.
6. Explain:
   sew by a worm's light; black throats in harmony; more homely stuff.

37. THE CONQUEST OF MALARIA

Until about sixty years ago, the cause of malaria, one of the most dreadful diseases of tropical countries, was absolutely unknown. Though the mosquito was a common insect in these lands and both the European settlers and the local inhabitants took measures to protect themselves against its bite, nobody dreamed of the connection between the insect and the disease. It was Colonel Ronald Ross of the Indian Medical Service who discovered in 1898 that the tiny parasites in the stomach of one kind of mosquito were responsible for malarial fever. The story of this marvellous achievement is related in the pages that follow.

OF all tropical diseases the most common is malarial fever. It causes roughly one-third of all the attendances at hospitals in the tropics, and about one-third of the entire population in many hot countries suffer from it every year. Although only about one case in several hundreds proves fatal, yet the disease is so prevalent that the total number of deaths due to it is colossal. It has been officially estimated that in India alone something like 13,00,000 deaths are caused by it in an average year. It has affected Europe as far north as Holland and England. In Greece and around Rome the disease was until recently a curse. Over a vast part of the earth's surface malaria remains a plague which threatens at every turn all who live within the region affected.

For years scientists and doctors sought the secret of how it spread. Some declared it to be caused by the night air, others that it came from infected water. Both theories were to be disproved.

In demonstrating to the world how malaria was spread, and thus how it could be fought, Manson and Ross defeated the tiny flying insect which until the beginning of the twentieth century was the most dreaded enemy of the British Empire—an enemy before which Army, Navy, and doctors were powerless.

Sir Patrick Manson was a Scottish doctor, born near Aberdeen, who in 1866 went out to become a medical officer at a Chinese hospital in Formosa. There he studied elephantiasis, the strange disease which causes legs and arms, or other parts of the body, to assume monstrous proportions. And there he was first brought into contact with malaria at close quarters.

A theory then generally held was that elephantiasis, a tropical disease like malaria, was caused by the night air of marshes. Manson began his investigations, and came to the conclusion that the presence in human blood of a parasite called the filaria worm probably had some connection with the disease. But the discovery only raised a greater problem. How did the filaria worm get into the blood? The worm could neither walk nor fly. A possibility was that it was sucked up by something that fed upon human blood, then released again into the bodies of previously uninfected persons.

The evidence pointed to the mosquito, which in biting a person infected with the germs of elephantiasis and then passing on to uninfected persons might well spread the disease. To test this theory, Manson examined the blood of some of his native helpers at the hospital. Finding one who was heavily infected, he induced him to sleep in a room containing mosquitoes and to let them bite him.

The next morning Manson collected the insects, gorged with the blood of the infected boy. He dissected them and examined them under a microscope. They were all infected with live filaria worms. Thus was it discovered that the mosquito was the carrier of the germ which caused elephantiasis.

Manson's discovery set certain men thinking. If the mosquito carried the parasite of one disease from person to person, might it not also spread malaria? A French doctor named Laveran, working in Algeria, definitely suggested that the mosquito might spread malaria. But the medical world in general was in no hurry to give up its theories on the subject. Manson retired from practice in China and came to live in England.

Nothing further was done for some years.

Then in 1894 Major Ronald Ross, of the Indian Medical Service, a doctor who had long been interested in the study of malaria and other tropical diseases, returned home on leave, and while in London called upon Manson. The hour for the final onslaught had struck. Manson explained his theories to Ross, who resolved upon his return to India, to begin at once the experiments which have led to such triumphant results.

Thus began one of the most famous partnerships in the history of research, a partnership between two devoted servants of humanity, one in London and the other in India, who laboured for four years, inspiring and encouraging each other when doubts assailed them.

Back in India, Major Ronald Ross set to work in earnest. He contrived that mosquitoes should suck up blood full of the parasites of malaria. If mosquitoes were actually the carriers of the disease, then the parasites would be found, alive, within their bodies. But although he dissected hundreds of insects, Ross could not find what he was seeking. Actually, he was then trying to infect the wrong type of mosquito, for only one variety, and only the female of that variety, is able to suck up and develop the germs.

Month after month Ross toiled away. Experiment succeeded experiment without success.

Manson still believed that it would be found that human beings contracted malaria from mosquitoes through drinking water infected by the insects after they had sucked up blood containing the germs. Ross disproved this, and found the real solution, but not until he had wasted valuable time in testing Manson's original theory.

In his Memoirs Sir Ronald Ross relates how he tried to establish the truth or otherwise of the infected-water theory by taking four mosquitoes which had fed upon a malarial victim and placing them in two bottles with a little water. The bottles were kept in a cool place for a week, at the end of which the mosquitoes were dead. In addition to the bodies of the infected mosquitoes, the bottles contained grubs, showing that the eggs laid by the insects had been hatched.

Now Ross made his test. After removing the bodies of the mosquitoes, but not the grubs, he gave the contents of the bottles to certain natives who volunteered, after a full explanation of the experiment had been made to them, to drink the water. The result of the experiment was odd. One man developed an illness which at first seemed like malaria, but when his blood was examined no malarial parasites were found. Two other men who drank the infected water remained quite well.

Further experiments with infected water yielded negative results. In fact, that first case of intermittent fever, which was a coincidence, was the only case in which any after-effects followed the drinking of water exposed to infected insects.

Eventually Ross abandoned Manson's theory, so far as the means of infection was concerned, and began to search for other means by which the parasites within the mosquito might enter the blood of human beings—the search which was to end in his brilliant discovery.

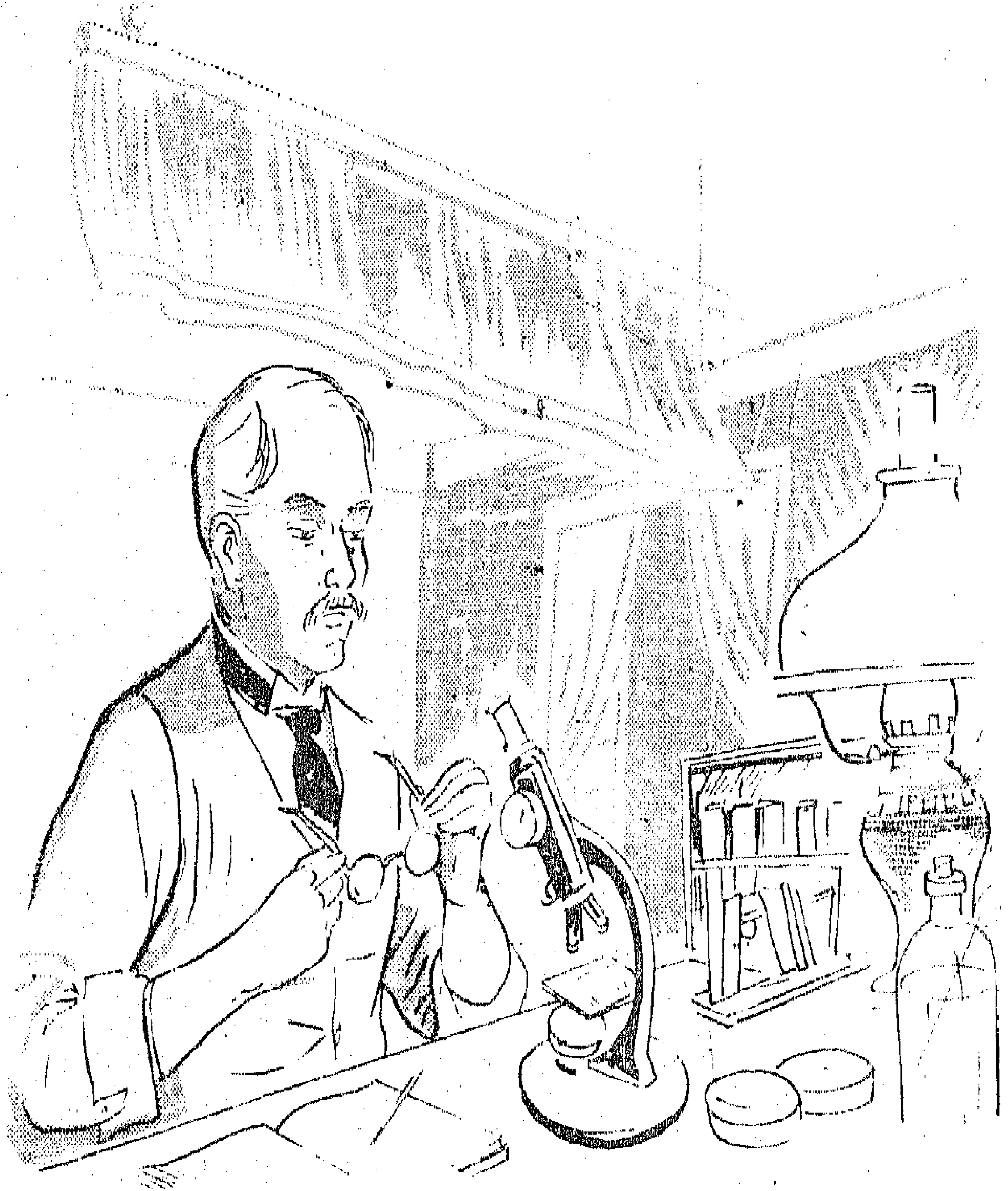
By now he had begun to suspect that the mosquito he sought was a type which eluded him. One morning a 'mosquito-man,' one of the three who collected the insects for him, produced some larvae which hatched into brown mosquitoes with three black bars on their wings. These proved to be dappled-winged mosquitoes, of a type which Ross had not worked with before.

They were allowed to bite a malarial patient in the hospital and later some were dissected. Again no germs of malaria were found. That was on August 16, 1897, in Secunderabad. Ross secured more specimens of the dappled-winged brown mosquito during the next few days.

Thus the story comes to August 20, 1897, the anniversary of which Sir Ronald Ross called Mosquito Day. The first few mosquitoes placed under the microscope revealed nothing. Then Ross came to one of the last of the batch which had been allowed to feed upon the malarial patient on the 16th. His eyes were already feeling the strain, but carefully, methodically, he searched through the tissues of that tiny-winged creature. Again nothing. At last only the stomach of the insect remained to be examined. That meant half an hour's work, and already he was tired out. Moreover, he had examined the stomachs of thousands of mosquitoes without finding any trace of the germ.

Tired as he was, he began to work again, but a kindly fate must have watched over Ross that day. What followed may best be told in his own words:

'I had scarcely commenced the search again, when I saw a clear and almost perfectly circular outline before me of about twelve microns in diameter. The outline was much tco sharp, the cell too small, to be an ordinary stomach-cell of a mosquito. I looked a little further. Here was another and another exactly similar cell. I now focussed the lens carefully on one of these, and found that it contained granules of some black sub-



stance, exactly like the pigment of the parasites of malaria. I counted altogether twelve of these cells in the insect, but was so tired out with the work and had so often been disappointed before that I did not at the moment recognize the value of the observation. After mounting the preparation I went home and slept for nearly an hour. On waking, my first thought was that the problem was solved, and so it was.'

Ross had discovered that the malaria germs were sucked by certain mosquitoes from the body of an infected human being, and developed in the stomach-tissue of the insect. He had made one of the greatest medical discoveries, saved millions of lives, and yet he did not appreciate what it all meant until he had slept!

That incident reveals how utterly weary he was, in mind and body at the end of months of failure.

The next day Ross dissected the last survivor of the same batch of mosquitoes. Within its stomach he found similar cells—only larger! That was conclusive. The cells were parasites, and they not only lived but grew within the mosquito. The discovery was really two discoveries, and each was of vital importance. As Ross wrote afterwards:

'We had to discover two unknown quantities simultaneously—the kind of mosquito which carries the parasite, and the form and position of the parasite within it. By an extremely lucky observation I had now discovered both the unknown quantities at the same moment. The mosquito was the Anopheles, and the parasite lives in or on its gastric wall and can be recognized at once by the characteristic pigment. All the work on the subject which has been done since then by me and others during the last thirty years has been mere child's play which anyone could do after the clue was once obtained.'

There were many ready to scoff. Even after Ross had infected birds by exposing them to malaria-carrying mosquitoes, there were many who declared that he and others had 'mosquitoes on the brain.'

Happily Ross was content to pursue his investigations to the end, undeterred by criticism and unspoiled by praise. He believed he was on the right road. That was enough. To him is the glory of a great victory over death and disease.

Ross's discovery brought him honours, but not wealth. Like many others who have devoted their lives to research, Ross remained a poor man. For his work he was awarded, in 1902, one of the greatest distinctions of its kind in the world—the Nobel Prize for Medicine. There exists in Putney an Institute of Tropical Diseases named after him, and of which he was Director-in-Chief until his death in September 1932.

When Ross went to India as a young man he found everyone, even the most brilliant doctors, struggling in vain with a disease, which attacked millions every year. They could mitigate its attacks with quinine, but they could not prevent them, and they did not even know where to look for the enemy. In the course of four years Ross discovered the enemy, and showed how it could be conquered.

Those yet unborn, wrestling with other secrets of life and death, will know moments when the struggle seems hopeless. In those moments perhaps they will remember the story of Sir Ronald Ross, and find in it their inspiration.

From T. C. Bridges' & H. H. Tiltmen's
MASTER MINDS OF MODERN SCIENCE

Comprehension

A 1. Show that malaria is a very common disease in many parts of the earth.
2. Why was it regarded as 'the most dreaded enemy of the British Empire'?
3. What was Sir Patrick Manson's theory about the cause of elephantiasis?
4. How did he prove the theory?
5. What was the basis of the famous partnership between Sir Patrick Manson and Major Ronald Ross? Which of the two, in your opinion, was the more important partner? Why do you think so?
6. Why did Ross fail in his experiments for a long time?
7. What was Manson's original theory about how people contracted malaria? How did Ross test this theory and with what results?
8. Describe Ross's experiments with the dappled-winged mosquitoes.
9. Explain exactly how Ross made his great discovery. Why did he not realize at once the tremendous value of his observation?

10. Show how the discovery by Ross of the malaria parasite consisted really of two discoveries, each of vital importance.
11. Why was Ross accused of having 'mosquitoes on the brain'? How was the value of his work finally recognized?
12. How can the story of Sir Ronald Ross be an inspiration to other research workers?

B 1. Before Manson and Ross began their experiment, some doctors declared that malaria was caused by the night air of marshes. Why do you suppose this theory was held?
2. The mosquito is referred to in the passage as 'the most dreaded enemy of the British Empire.' Why was it dreaded particularly in this area?
3. 'The hour for the final onslaught had come.' Why was it delayed for such a long time?
4. 'On waking, my first thought was that the problem was solved.' How can a problem be solved in one's sleep?

Language study

1. Give other words or phrases for the following:
   estimated, demonstrating, gorged, triumphant, laboured, assailed, contrived, volunteered, eluded, mitigate.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences:
   at every turn; bring into contact with; at close quarters; in earnest; exposed to; feel the strain of; focus the lense on; scoff at; undeterred by.
3. (a) Form the opposites of these words by using a prefix in each case:
   officially, infected, possibility, definitely, proved, conclusive.
   (b) Give the opposites of these words by using a different word in each case:
   curse, released, native, valuable, negative, revealed.

Composition

1. Describe the great discovery of Sir Ronald Ross in your own words.
2. Write an imaginary letter from Manson to Ross explaining his infected-water theory.

38 TOM BROWN ARRIVES AT RUGBY

This passage is taken from the well-known school story by Thomas Hughes called *Tom Brown's School Days*, which presents a glowing picture of life at the famous English Public School at Rugby in the days of its great headmaster, Dr. Arnold. The extract describes Tom Brown's arrival at the school as a new boy in the old-fashioned mail-coach and his first meeting with the cool and self-assured school boy, East, who was helpful to him from the start and who became his great friend later on.

"AND so here's Rugby, sir, at last, and you'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the School-house, as I tell'd you," said the old guard, pulling his horn out of its case, and tootle-tooing away; while the coachman shook up his horses, and carried them along the side of the school close, round Dead-man's corner, past the school gates, and down the High Street, to the Spread Eagle.

Tom's heart beat quick as he passed the great school field or close, with its noble elms, in which several games at football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of grey buildings, beginning with the chapel, and ending with the School-house, the residence of the headmaster, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower. And he began already to be proud of being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school gates, with the oriel window above, and saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box, and working the team down street as well as he.

One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind; where, having righted himself, and nodded to the guard, with "How do, Jem?" he turned short round to Tom, and, after looking him over for a minute, began—

"I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment; glad, however, to have lighted on someone already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my old aunt, Miss East, she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming today, and asked me to give you a lift."

Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronising air of his new friend, a boy of just about his own height and age, but gifted with the most transcendent coolness and assurance, which Tom felt to be aggravating and hard to bear, but couldn't for the life of him help admiring and envying—especially when young my lord begins hectoring two or three long loafing fellows, half-porter, half-stableman, with a strong touch of the blackguard; and in the end, arranges with one of them, nicknamed Cooey, to carry Tom's luggage up to the School-house for sixpence.

"And heark'ee, Cooey. it must be up in ten minutes, or no more jobs for me. Come along, Brown." And away swaggers the young potentate, with his hands in his pockets, and Tom at his side.

"All right, sir," says Cooey, touching his hat, with a leer and a wink at his comrades.

"Hullo though," says East pulling up, and taking another look at Tom, "this'll never do—haven't you got a hat?—we never wear caps here. Only the louts wear caps. Bless you, if you were to go into the quadrangle with that thing on, I—don't know what'd happen." The very idea was quite beyond young Master East, and he looked unutterable things.

Tom thought his cap a very knowing affair, but confessed that he had a hat in his hat-box; which was accordingly at once extracted from the hind-boot, and Tom equipped in his go-to-meeting roof, as his new friend called it. But this didn't quite suit his fastidious taste in another minute, being too shiny; so, as they walk up the town, they dive into Nixon's the hatter's, and Tom is arrayed, to his utter astonishment, and without paying for it, in a regulation cat-skin at seven-and sixpence; Nixon undertaking to send the best hat up to the matron's room, School-house, in half an hour.

"You see," said his friend, as they strolled up towards the school gates, in explanation of his conduct, "a great deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straightforward, and holds his head up, he gets on. Now you'll do very well as to rig, all but that cap. You see I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half-a-sov. this half, and perhaps she'll double it next, if I keep in her good books."

There's nothing for candour like a lower-school boy, and East was a genuine specimen—frank, hearty, and good-natured, well satisfied with himself and his position, and choke-full of life and spirits, and all the Rugby prejudices and traditions which he had been able to get together, in the long course of one half-year, during which he had been at the School-house.

And Tom felt friends with him at once, and began sucking in all his ways and prejudices, as fast as he could understand them.

East was great in the character of cicerone; he carried Tom through the great gates, where were only two or three boys. These satisfied themselves with the stock questions: "You fellow, what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you? Where do you board? What form are you in?" And so they passed on through the quadrangle and a small court-yard, upon which looked down a lot of little windows (belonging, as his guide informed him, to some of the School-house studies), into the matron's room, where East introduced Tom to that dignitary; made him give up the key of his trunk, that the matron might unpack his linen, and told the story of the hat and of his own presence of mind; upon the relation whereof, the matron laughingly scolded him, for the coolest new boy in the house; and East, indignant at the accusation of newness, marched Tom off into the quadrangle, and began showing him the schools, and examining him as to his literary attainments; the result of which was a prophecy that they would be in the same form, and could do their lessons together.

"And now come in and see my study; we shall have just time before dinner; and afterwards, before calling over, we'll do the close."

Tom followed his guide through the School-house hall, which opens into the quadrangle. It is a great room thirty feet long and eighteen high, or thereabouts, with two great tables running the whole length, and two large fireplaces at the side, with blazing fires in them, at one of which some dozen boys were standing and lounging, some of whom shouted to East to stop; but he shot through with his convoy, and landed him in the long dark passages, with a large fire at the end of each, upon which studies opened. Into one of these, in the bottom passage, East bolted with our hero, slamming and bolting the door behind them, in case of pursuit from the hall, and Tom was for the first time in a Rugby boy's citadel.

He hadn't been prepared for separate studies, and was not a little astonished and delighted with the palace in question.

It wasn't very large certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It couldn't be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window; which little precautions were necessary in the studies on the ground-floor, looking out into the close, to prevent the exit of small boys after locking-up, and the entrance of contraband articles. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought. The space under the window at the farther end was occupied by a square table covered with a reasonably clean and whole red and blue check tablecloth; a hard-seated sofa covered with red stuff occupied one side, running up to the end, and making a seat for one, or by sitting close, for two, at the table; and a good stout wooden chair afforded a seat to another boy, so that three could sit and work together. Over the door were a row of hat-pegs, and on each side book-cases with cupboards at the bottom; shelves and cupboards being filled indiscriminately with school-books, a cup or two, a mouse-trap and brass candlesticks, leather straps, a fustian bag, and some curious-looking articles, which puzzled Tom not a little, until his friend explained that they were climbing-irons, and showed their use. A cricket-bat and small fishing-rod stood up in one corner.

This was the residence of East and another boy in the same form, and had more interest for Tom than Windsor Castle, or any other residence in the British Isles. For was he not about to become the joint-owner of a similar home, the first place which he could call his own?

"And shall I have a study like this too?" said Tom.

"Yes, of course, you'll be chummed with some fellow on Monday, and you can sit here till then."

"What nice places!"

"They're well enough," answered East, patronisingly, "only uncommon cold at nights sometimes. Gower—that's my chum—and I make a fire with paper on the floor after supper generally, only that makes it so smoky."

A quarter-past one now struck, and the bell began tolling for dinner, so they went into the hall and took their places, Tom at the very bottom of the second table, next to the praeposter (who sat at the end to keep order there), and East a few paces higher. And now Tom for the first time saw his future schoolfellows in a body. In they came, some hot and ruddy from football or long walks, some pale and chilly from hard reading in their studies, some from loitering over the fire at the pastrycook's, dainty morsels, bringing with them pickles and sauce-bottles to help them with their dinners. And a great big bearded man, whom Tom took for a master, began calling over the names, while the great joints were being rapidly carved on a third table in the corner by the old verger and the housekeeper. Tom's turn came last, and meanwhile he was all eyes, looking first with awe at the great man who sat close to him, and was helped first, and who read a hard-looking book all the time he was eating; and when he got up and walked off to the fire, at the small boys round him, some of whom were reading, and the rest talking in whispers to one another, or stealing one another's bread, or shooting pellets, or digging their forks through the tablecloth. However, notwithstanding his curiosity, he managed to make a capital dinner by the time the big man called "Stand up!" and said grace.

From Thomas Hughes
TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS

Comprehension

A
1. What were Tom Brown's feelings when he arrived at Rugby?
2. In what circumstances did Tom first meet East?
3. Why did Tom both resent and admire East's behaviour at the first meeting?
4. How did East help Tom to equip himself properly for the school?
5. Why does the author call East 'a genuine specimen'?
6. Show how East was a very good guide
7. 'Tom was for the first time in a Rugby boy's citadel.' Describe the citadel.
8. What impression did Tom form of his school-fellows in the dining hall?

B
1. Why do you think Tom went to Rugby in a mail coach?
2. Why did the porter named Cooey obey East's order 'with a leer and a wink at his comrades'?
3. East was full of 'all the Rugby prejudices and traditions.' Would you call the rule requiring the boys at Rugby to wear hats a 'prejudice' or a 'tradition'?
4. Show that East's interest in Tom was not entirely unselfish.

5. What is meant by the expression 'stock questions'? Can you frame some questions that the boys could have asked Tom which would not be called 'stock questions'?
6. Why did Tom look with awe at the great man who sat close to him at table?

Language study

1. Which words in the text mean the following?
   surpassing; hard to please; guide; person holding high office; prefect in a public school; without making any distinction.
2. Explain these phrases:
   regulation cat-skin; literary attainments; contraband articles; climbing irons; dainty morsels.
3. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:
   aggravating; for the life of him; swagger; to his utter astonishment; candour; to be all eyes.
4. Express in another way the following:
   (a) Tom was inclined to resent the patronising air of his new friend.
   (b) He looked unutterable things.
   (c) Tom thought his cap a very knowing affair.
   (d) Tom (was) equipped in his go-to-meeting roof
5. Fill in the blanks with appropriate prepositions:
   (1) He was very proud——his new school. (2) The boy was gifted——remarkable musical talent. (3) I will introduce you——my new friend. (4) She was indignant——her servant's behaviour. (5) Every thing depends——the amount of hard work you put in. (6) Will you please extract the cork—from—this bottle? (7) He had a prejudice—for—all foreigners.

Composition

1. Write an imaginary dialogue between East and Tom Brown about the life at Rugby Public School.
2. Write an essay on:
   'My first impressions of my new school.'

39. CHRISTMAS WITH THE CRATCHITS

This lively description of a Christmas dinner is taken from *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens. Bob Cratchit is a poor under-paid clerk working for Scrooge, described by Mrs. Cratchit as "an odious, stingy, hard unfeeling man." Scrooge hates Christmas and the festive spirit associated with it. On a certain Christmas Eve, he is visited by the ghost of his former partner, Jacob Marley, who takes him to his clerk's home. There Scrooge sees how poor Bob Cratchit and his large family are happy and make merry on Christmas Day in spite of the hardships from which they suffer.

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And

Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit; looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame men walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eye-brows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam. The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, bedight with Christmas holly stuck in the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. And Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it.

After that, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed tomorrow morning for a good long rest; tomorrow being a holiday she passed at home. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another; and when they faded, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

From Charles Dickens
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Comprehension

A
1. Make a complete list of the members of the Cratchit family. Which one of them appeals to you most?
2. How does the author show in the very first paragraph that the family was very poor?
3. What was the cause of the excitement of the two young Cratchits?
4. Why did the young Cratchits want their sister to hide? Why did she come out 'prematurely' from her place of hiding?

5. Why did little Tim want people to see him in the church?
6. Describe the bustle and excitement when the goose was brought on the table.
7. Why was the goose considered so remarkable?
8. What fearful thoughts about the pudding passed through Mrs. Cratchit's mind? Were her fears justified?
9. How did Bob Cratchit show his tender affection for Tiny Tim throughout the meal?
10. Why did Bob call Scrooge 'the Founder of the Feast'? What were his wife's feelings on the subject?
11. How did the Cratchits make themselves merry after dinner?
12. Which parts of the story make you feel sorry for the Cratchits? What was the secret of their happiness?

B Give reasons for the following:

1. Mrs. Cratchit rallied Bob for his credulity.
2. Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them the story.
3. The two young Cratchits crammed spoons into their mouths.
4. 'My dear,' said Bob, 'the children! Christmas Day.'
5. Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between the collars.

Language study

1. Give other words for:
   attired, yearned, seasonable, declension, compounded, ensued, livid, withered, heartiness, plaintive.
2. Find the meanings of the following phrases and expressions:
   brave in ribbons; basking in luxurious thoughts;

exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies; with officious zeal; had come home rampant; returned in high procession; eked out by the apple sauce; bedight with Christmas holly; Scrooge the Baleful being done with.

3. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own:
   monstrous; confer on; threadbare; prematurely; bear him off; to his heart's content; incredible; mount guard upon; give someone a piece of one's mind; bewildering.
4. 'As good as gold.'
   Write five other similar comparisons with 'as——as'.
5. Explain with reference to the context:
   (a) You might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course.
   (b) It would have been flat heresy to do so.
   (c) The youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows.
   (d) There was nothing of high mark in this.
6. Analyse each of the following sentences into clauses, showing the relation of the clauses to one another:
   (a) Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if it was obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly.
   (b) Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do and how many hours she worked at a stretch.

Composition

1. Describe the appearance and character of
   (a) Bob Cratchit, (b) Tiny Tim.
2. Write a paragraph on the most exciting stage in the Christmas dinner.
3. Write an interesting account of a party that you have enjoyed in celebration of the most important festival in your community.

40. MILK FOR THE CAT

You have read Sir J. Squire's pathetic poem *To a Bull-Dog.* Here is another animal poem that will appeal to you. But it is about a cat this time, and it is written in a very light vein. Anyone who has kept a cat as a pet will appreciate the many interesting details given here about her life and behaviour.

When the tea is brought at five o'clock,
And all the neat curtains are drawn with care,
The little black cat with bright green eyes
Is suddenly purring there.

At first she pretends, having nothing to do,
She has come in merely to blink by the grate.
But, though tea may be late or the milk may be sour,
She is never late.

And presently her agate eyes
Take a soft large milky haze,
And her independent casual glance
Becomes a stiff, hard gaze.

Then she stamps her claws or lifts her ears,
Or twists her tail and begins to stir,
Till suddenly all her lithe body becomes
One breathing, trembling purr.

The children eat and wriggle and laugh;
The two old ladies stroke their silk;
But the cat is grown small and thin with desire,
Transformed to a creeping lust for milk:

The white saucer like some full moon descend
At last from the clouds of the table above;
She sighs and dreams and thrills and glows,
Transfigured with love.

She nestles over the shining rim,
Buries her chin in the creamy sea;
Her tail hangs loose; each drowsy paw
Is doubled under each bending knee.

A long dim ecstasy holds her life;
Her world is an infinite shapeless white,
Till her tongue has curled the last half drop,
Then she sinks back into the night,

Draws and dips her body to heap
Her sleepy nerves in that great arm-chair,
Lies defeated and buried deep
Three or four hours unconscious there.

Harold Monro

1. Show how the poet has presented in the poem a very cosy domestic scene.
2. Describe the cat's behaviour before and after the tea arrives.
3. Why do the two old ladies 'stroke their silk'?
4. Comment on the aptness and beauty of the ***simile*** in the sixth stanza.
5. The cat is 'transfigured with love.' Explain the significance of the expression with reference to the context.
6. Quote the lines presenting a vivid picture of the cat drinking the milk. Give the details which make the description so vivid.
7. What does the poet mean by saying that the cat 'lies defeated'?
8. 'Creamy sea' and 'drowsy paw' are two striking descriptive phrases used by the poet. Give other examples of such phrases from the poem.
9. Explain:
   (a) One breathing, trembling purr.
   (b) Transformed to a creeping lust for milk.
   (c) A long dim ecstasy holds her life;
   Her world is an infinite shapeless white.

41. THE OPEN WINDOW

The author of this little essay, A. G. Gardiner, is one of the most distinguished essayists of modern times. The themes of his essays were chosen from ordinary events and situations in everyday life, which he presented in a simple, conversational and charming style. "The Open Window" is taken from his collection of essays entitled *Many Furrows*. It deals with an incident in a railway compartment, where a lady wrapped in furs, who has occupied the window corner, refuses to shut the window, even though a sharp wind blowing through it into the compartment causes extreme discomfort to a fellow traveller in the corridor corner.

I ENTERED a railway-carriage at a country station the other morning and found myself in a compartment containing five people. I took a vacant seat between a man in the corridor corner and a lady dressed in handsome furs in the window corner. A girl whom I took for the lady's daughter sat opposite to her, and a gentleman whom I took to be the lady's husband sat next to the girl, while another man occupied the remaining corner by the corridor, These people had all evidently been in the train sometime, and on entering I was vaguely sensible of having broken in upon a drama which was unfinished. The atmosphere seemed charged with feelings whose expression had only been suspended, and I was not surprised when, the train being in motion, hostilities were resumed.

The window by which the lady sat was half-open, and as the train gathered speed, the wind which was blowing from the east, came in like a whip-lash. It missed the lady in her wraps, but hit me in the face and curled round the neck of the man in the corridor corner. He leaned forward and asked, with the air of having made the request before, that the window should be closed. "Certainly not!" said the lady. I glanced at her and, so far as her face was visible above the billowing furs that enveloped her, saw she was a person who was not to be trifled with. Her lips were tight pressed and her nostrils swelled with battle.

The man in the corner addressed himself to the husband, who had buried himself in his newspaper in the obvious hope of being overlooked. The man explained with what deadly aim the wind came into his corner, and how if the window were shut and the corridor door was opened they could have plenty of air without discomfort. Dragged thus into the fighting-line, the husband lowered his paper and looked over his glasses timidly in the direction of his wife. She had a copy of a picture paper in her hands, and without looking at her husband she emitted a little snort and turned the pages as if she were wringing their necks. The husband, who had a kindly face and looked as though he had long since laid down his arms in an unequal battle, knew the symptoms. He uttered no word to the terrific woman by the window, but turning to the man and still looking benignly over his glasses, offered to take the post of peril in the corner. The man said No, he was quite comfortable in his corner if the window were closed. He put on his hat, turned up his coat collar, held up his paper against the gale and fell silent.

The husband, with one more furtive glance at his wife, resumed reading. As I watched him I thought of the story of the old parson, who, driving with his wife in a country lane, met a farmer in his cart. There was no room to pass, and the law of the road made the parson the offender. It was his business to "back" to a wide place in the lane to allow the farmer's cart to pass. But the parson's wife would not let him do so. The farmer must get out of the way. The poor parson was in tears between his duty and terror of his wife. "Don't worry, parson; don't worry," said the farmer. "I'll go back, I've just such a old varmint* as her myself at home."

And that was how the battle over the window ended. The man in the corner made one brief rally. He flung the corridor door open in the hope of diverting the draught or, perhaps, making things unpleasant for his foe. But she was invulnerable to attack. She only stabbed the pages of her picture paper a little more viciously. The man then fled from the field. He went out and found seats for himself and his companion in another compartment, and returning removed his luggage. The lady's victory was complete. She was left unchallenged mistress of the compartment. She gave her paper a final comprehensive stab, commanded her husband to close the corridor door which her defeated antagonist had shamelessly left open, and sat up to enjoy her triumph.

As I looked from her to the nice, kindly, henpecked husband now again absorbed in his newspaper, I felt pity for so afflicted a fellow-creature. Poor fellow! What a life!

From A. G. Gardiner's
MANY FURROWS

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*Varmint, a corrupted form of vermin, meaning an unpleasant, annoying creature.

Comprehension

A. 1. Describe the appearance of the lady who occupied the window corner of the railway compartment. Mention three things that she did which show that she was truly 'a terrific woman'.

2. What was the complaint of the man in the corridor corner? What suggestion did he make to end his discomfort?
3. What impression do you gather of the lady's husband from his behaviour in the compartment?
4. How is the story of the old parson and his wife relevant to the main narrative about the lady, her husband and the fellow-traveller?
5 How did the battle over the open window finally end?

B. 1. On entering the compartment the author "was vaguely sensible of having broken in upon a drama". What elements of a drama do you find in the situation described in *The Open Window*?
2. The hostilities are said to have been "suspended" for some time and later on "resumed". When do you think the hostilities were suspended and why were they resumed afterwards?
3. The husband "knew the symptoms" and uttered no word to his wife. What were these symptoms? What did they indicate?
4. The dispute between the lady and the man in the corridor corner is referred to as a battle. Quote five phrases or expressions found in the text which would normally be used in an account of a real battle.
5. The lady "sat up to enjoy her triumph". Was it really a triumph"?
6. Do you find the story of *The Open Window* amusing or sad? Give reasons for your answer.

Language study

1 Use another word in place of each of the italicised words in the following:—

These people had *evidently* been in the train; furs that *enveloped* her; looking *benignly* over his glasses; with one *furtive* glance; made one brief *rally*; a little more *viciously*; her defeated *antagonist*; so *afflicted* a creature.

2 Explain the following:—

the billowing furs; nostrils swelled with pride; dragged thus into the firing line; emitted a little snort; post of peril; diverting the draught; a final comprehensive stab; unchallenged mistress of the compartment.

3. Use these phrases in sentences of your own:—

take someone for, with the air of, bury oneself in, with deadly aim, wring someone's neck, absorbed in.

4. Explain with reference to the context:—

(a) The atmosphere seemed charged with feelings whose expression had only been suspended.

(b) She was a person who was not to be trifled with.

(c) He had long since laid down his arms in an unequal battle.

(d) But she was invulnerable to attack.

5. (1) I *glanced* at her

(2) With one more *glance* at his wife, he resumed reading. Here *glance* is used as a verb in the first sentence and as a noun in the second sentence.

(a) The following words are used as verbs in the text. Make sentences using each of them as a noun:

surprise, charge, trifle, swell, command, close.

(b) The following words are used as nouns in the text. Make sentences using each of them as a verb:

request, motion, corner, arm, battle, triumph.

Composition

1. Rewrite the story of *The Open Window* in the form of a dialogue between the lady, her husband and the passenger in the corridor corner.
2. Draw character sketches of the lady in furs and of her timid husband.
3. Write a short essay on "Fellow-travellers in a train".

42. THE CABULIWALLAH

The Cabuliwallah is the story of an intimate friendship that developed between Abdul Rahman, an Afghan mountaineer, who came every year to Calcutta to sell almonds, raisins and grapes, and Mini, a five-year old girl, who belonged to a cultured Bengali family. This friendship came to an abrupt end when the man was arrested by the police on a charge of murderous assault on a customer, and was sentenced to several years' imprisonment. After his release from jail, Abdul Rahman, who did not forget Mini during his long years in prison and who imagined her to be still a little girl, went to her house with his usual gift of fruit on the day when she was to be married. It was on this wedding day that Mini's kind and understanding father discovered that Abdul Rahman's love for Mini was really a reflection of his deep love for his own daughter, who lived in his far-away mountain home, and from whom he had been separated for so many years. *The Cabuliwallah* is a moving human tale and is one of the most popular short stories of Rabindranath Tagore.

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD daughter Mini cannot live without chattering. I really believe that in all her life she has not wasted a minute in silence. Her mother is often vexed at this, and would like to stop her prattle, but I would not. For Mini to be quiet is unnatural, and I cannot bear it long. And so my own talk with her is always lively.

One morning, for instance, when I was in the midst of the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, my little Mini stole into the room, and putting her hand into mine said, "Father! Ramdayal, the door keeper, calls a crow a krow! He doesn't know anything, does he?"

Before I could explain to her the difference between one language and another in this world, she had embarked on the full tide of another subject. "What do you think, Father? Bhola says there is an elephant

in the clouds, blowing water out of his trunk, and that is why it rains!"

And then, darting off anew, while I sat still trying to think of some reply to this, "Father! what relation is Mother to you?"

With a grave face I contrived to say: "Go and play with Bhola, Mini! I am busy!"

The window of my room overlooks the road. The child had seated herself at my feet near my table, and was playing softly, drumming on her knees. I was hard at work on my seventeenth chapter, in which Pratap Singh, the hero, has just caught Kanchanlata, the heroine, in his arms, and is about to escape with her by the third storey window of the castle, when suddenly Mini left her play, and ran to the window, crying: "A Cabuliwallah! A Cabuliwallah!" And indeed in the street below, there was a Cabuliwallah, walking slowly along. He wore the loose, soiled clothing of his people, and a tall turban; he carried a bag on his back, and boxes of grapes in his hand.

I cannot tell what my daughter's feelings were when she saw this man, but she began to call him loudly. "Ah", thought I, "he will come in and my seventeenth chapter will never be finished!" At this very moment the Cabuliwallah turned, and looked up at the child. When she saw this, she was overcome by terror, and running to her mother's protection, disappeared. She had a blind belief that inside the bag, which the big man carried, there were perhaps two or three other children like herself. The pedlar meanwhile entered my doorway and greeted me with a smile.

So precarious was the position of my hero and my heroine, that my first impulse was to stop and buy something, since Mini had called the man to the house. I made some small purchase, and we began to talk about Abdul Rahman, the Russians, the English and the Frontier Policy.

As he was about to leave, he asked: "And where is the little girl, Sir?"

And then, thinking that Mini must get rid of her false fear, I had her brought out.

She stood by my chair, and looked at the Cabuliwallah and his bag. He offered her nuts and raisins, but she would not be tempted, and only clung the closer to me, with all her doubts increased.

This was their first meeting.

A few mornings later, however, as I was leaving the house, I was startled to find Mini, seated on a bench near the door laughing and talking, with the great Cabuliwallah at her feet. In all her life, it appeared, my small daughter had never found so patient a listener, save her father. And already the corner of her little *sari* was stuffed with almonds and raisins, the gift of her visitor. "Why did you give her those?" I said, and taking out an eight-anna piece, I handed it to him. The man accepted the money without demur, and put it into his pocket.

Alas, on my return, an hour later, I found the unfortunate coin had made twice its own worth of trouble! For the Cabuliwallah had given it to Mini, and her mother, catching sight of the bright round object, had pounced on the child with: "Where did you get that eight-anna piece?"

"The Cabuliwallah gave it to me," said Mini cheerfully.

"The Cabuliwallah gave it you!" cried her mother, greatly shocked. "O Mini! how could you take it from him?"

I entered at the moment, and saving her from impending disaster proceeded to make my own inquiries.

It was not the first or the second time, I found, that the two had met. The Cabuliwallah had overcome the child's first terror by a judicious bribe of nuts and almonds, and the two were now great friends.

They had many quaint jokes, which amused them greatly. Mini would seat herself before him, look down on his gigantic frame in all her tiny dignity, and with her face rippling with laughter would begin: "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah! what have you got in your bag?"

And he would reply, in the nasal accents of the mountaineer: "An elephant!" Not much cause for merriment, perhaps; but how they both enjoyed the fun! And for me, this child's talk with a grown-up man had always in it something strangely fascinating.

Then the Cabuliwallah, not to be behind-hand would take his turn: "Well, little one, and when are you going to your father-in-law's house?"

Now nearly every small Bengali maiden had heard long ago about her father-in-law's house; but we were a little new-fangled, and had kept these things from our child, so that Mini at this question must have been a trifle bewildered. But she would not show it, and with ready tact replied: "Are *you* going there?"

Among men of the Cabuliwallah's class, however, it is well-known that the words *father-in-law's house* have a double meaning. It is a euphemism for *jail*, the place where we are well cared for, at no expense to ourselves. In this sense would the sturdy pedlar take my daughter's questions. "Ah," he would say, shaking his fist at an invisible policeman. "I will thrash my father-in-law!" Hearing this, and picturing the poor discomfited relative, Mini would go off into peals of laughter, in which her formidable friend would join.

These were autumn mornings, the very time of year when kings of old went forth to conquest; and I, without stirring from my little corner in Calcutta, would let my mind wander over the whole world. At the very name of another country, my heart would go out to it, and at the sight of a foreigner in the streets, I would fall to weaving a network of dreams—the mountains, the glens and the forest of his distant land, with his cottage in their midst, and the free and independent life of far-away wilds. Perhaps scenes of travel are conjured up before me and pass and repass in my imagination all the more vividly, because I lead an existence so like a vegetable that a call to travel would fall upon me like a thunder-bolt. In the presence of this Cabuliwallah, I was immediately transported to the foot of arid mountain peaks, with narrow little defiles twisting in and out amongst their towering heights. I could see the string of camels bearing the merchandise and the company of turbaned merchants, some carrying their queer old firearms, and some their spears, journeying downward towards the plains. I could see—but at some such point, Mini's mother would intervene, and implore me to "beware of that man."

Mini's mother is unfortunately very timid. Whenever she hears a noise in the street, or sees people coming towards the house, she always jumps to the conclusion that they are either thieves, or drunkards, or snakes, or tigers, or malaria, or cockroaches or caterpillars. Even after all these years of experience, she is not able to overcome her terror. So she was full of doubts about the Cabuliwallah, and used to beg me to keep a watchful eye on him.

If I tried to laugh her fear gently away, she would turn round seriously, and ask me solemn questions:

Were children never kidnapped?

Was it not true that there was slavery in Cabul?

Was it so very absurd that this big man should be able to carry off a tiny child?

I urged that though not impossible, it was very improbable. But this was not enough, and her dread persisted. But as it was a very vague dread, it did not seem right to forbid the man the house, and the intimacy went on unchecked.

Once a year, in the middle of January, Rahman, the Cabuliwallah, used to return to his own country, and as the time approached, he would be very busy, going from house to house, collecting his debts. This year, however, he could always find time to come and see Mini. It might have seemed to a stranger that there was some conspiracy between the two, for when he could not come in the morning he would appear in the evening.

Even to me it was a little startling now and then, suddenly to surprise this tall, loose garmented man laden with his bags, in the corner of a dark room; but when Mini ran in smiling, with her "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah!" and the two friends, so far apart in age, subsided into their old laughter and their jokes, I felt reassured.

One morning, a few days before he had made up his mind to go, I was correcting proof-sheets in my study. The weather was chilly. Through the window the rays of the sun touched my feet and the slight warmth was very welcome. It was nearly eight o'clock, and early pedestrians were returning home with their heads covered. Suddenly, I heard an uproar in the street, and looking out, saw Rahman being led away bound between two policemen, and behind them a crowd of inquisitive boys. There were bloodstains on his clothes, and one of the policemen carried a knife. I hurried out, and stopping them, inquired what it all meant, partly from one, partly from another, I gathered that a certain neighbour had owed this pedlar something for a Rampuri shawl, but had denied buying it, and that in the course of the quarrel Rahman had struck him. Now, in his excitement, the prisoner began calling his enemy all sorts of names, when suddenly in a verandah of my house appeared my little Mini, with her usual exclamation: "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah!" Rahman's face lighted up as he turned to her. He had no bag under his arm to-day, so that she could not talk about the elephant with him. She therefore at once proceeded to the next question: "Are you going to your father-in-law's house?"

Rahman laughed and said: "That is just where I am going, little one!" Then, seeing that the reply did not amuse the child, he held up his fettered hands. "Ah!" he said, "I would have thrashed that old father-in law, but my hands are bound!"

On a charge of murderous assault, Rahman was sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

Time passed, and he was forgotten. Our accustomed work in the accustomed place went on and the thought of the once free mountaineer spending his years in prison seldom or never occurred to us. Even my light-hearted Mini, I am ashamed to say, forgot her old friend. New companions filled her life. As she grew older, she spent more of her time with girls. So much, indeed, did she spend with them that she came no more, as she used to do, to her father's room, so that I rarely had any opportunity of speaking to her.

Years had passed away. It was once more autumn, and we had made arrangements for our Mini's marriage. It was to take place during the Puja holidays. With Durga returning to Kailas, the light of our home also would depart to her husband's house, and leave her father's in shadow.

The morning was bright. After the rains it seemed as though the air had been washed clean and the rays of the sun looked like pure gold. So bright were they, that they made even the sordid brick-walls of our Calcutta lanes radiant. Since early dawn the wedding pipes had been sounding and at each burst of sound my own heart throbbed. The wail of the tune, *Bhairavi*, seemed to intensify the pain I felt at the approaching separation. My Mini was to be married that night.

From early morning noise and bustle had pervaded the house. In the courtyard there was the canopy to be slung on its bamboo poles; there were chandeliers with their tinkling sound to be hung in each room and verandah. There was endless hurry and excitement. I was sitting in my study, looking through the accounts, when someone entered, saluting respectfully, and stood before me. It was Rahman, the Cabuliwallah. At first I did not recognise him. He carried no bag, his long hair was cut short and his old vigour seemed to have gone. But he smiled, and I knew him again.

"When did you come, Rahman?" I asked him.

"Last evening," he said, "I was released from jail."

The words struck harshly upon my ears. I had never before talked with one who had wounded his fellow-man, and my heart shrank within itself when I realised this; for I felt that the day would have been better omened had he not appeared.

"There are ceremonies going on," I said, "and I am busy. Perhaps you could come another day?"

He immediately turned to go; but as he reached the door he hesitated, and said: "May I not see the little one, Sir, for a moment?" It was his belief that Mini was still the same. He had pictured her running to him as she used to do, calling "O Cabuliwallah! Cabuliwallah!" He had imagined too that they would laugh and talk together, just as of old. Indeed, in memory of former days, he had brought, carefully wrapped up in a paper, a few almonds and raisins and grapes, obtained somehow or other from a countryman; for what little money he had, had gone.

I repeated: "There is a ceremony in the house, and you will not be able to see anyone to-day."

The man's face fell. He looked wistfully at me for a moment, then said, "Good morning," and went out.

I felt a little sorry and would have called him back, but I found he was returning of his own accord. He came close to me and held out his offerings with the words, "I have brought these few grapes, Sir, for the little one. Will you give them to her?"

I took them, and was going to pay him, but he caught my hand and said: "You are very kind, Sir! Keep me in your memory. Do not offer me money!—You have a little girl: I too have one like her in my own home. I think of her, and bring this fruit to your child—not to make a profit for myself."

Saying this, he put his hand inside his big loose robe, and brought out a small and dirty piece of paper. Unfolding it with great care, he smoothed it out with both hands on my table. It bore the impression of a little hand. Not a photograph. Not a drawing. Merely the impression of an inksmeared hand laid flat on the paper. This touch of the hand of his own little daughter he had carried always next his heart, as he had come year after year to Calcutta to sell his wares in the streets.

Tears came to my eyes. I forgot that he was a poor Cabuli-fruit-seller, while I was—But no, what was I more than he? He also was a father.

That impression of the hand of his little Parvati in her distant mountain home reminded me of my own little Mini.

I sent for Mini immediately from the inner apartment. Many difficulties were raised, but I swept them aside. Clad in the red silk of her wedding day, with the sandal paste on her forehead, and adorned as young bride, Mini came, and stood modestly before me.

The Cabuliwallah seemed amazed at the apparition. He could not revive their old friendship. At last he smiled and said: "Little one, are you going to your father-in-law's house?"

But Mini now understood the meaning of the word "father-in-law," and she would not answer him as of old. She blushed at the question, and stood before him with her bridelike face bowed down.

I remembered the day when the Cabuliwallah and my Mini had first met, and I felt sad. When she had gone, Rahman sighed deeply, and sat down on the floor. The idea had suddenly come to him that his daughter too must have grown up, while he had been away so long, and that he would have to make friends anew with her also. Assuredly he would not find her as she was when he left her. And besides, what might not have happened to her in these eight years?

The marriage-pipes sounded, and the mild autumn sunlight streamed round us. But Rahman sat in the little Calcutta lane, and saw before him the barren mountains of Afghanistan.

I took out a currency-note, gave it to him, and said: "Go back to your daughter, Rahman, in your own country and may the happiness of your meeting bring good fortune to my child."

Having made this present, I had to curtail some of the festivities. I could not have the electric lights I had intended, nor the military band, and the ladies of the house were despondent about it. But to me the wedding feast was all the brighter for the thought that in a distant land a long-lost father had met again his only child.

From Rabindranath Tagore's
HUNGRY STONES AND OTHER STORIES

Comprehension

A. 1. Why would Mini's father not stop her childish prattle? Which of the questions that she asked seemed to have puzzled him the most?

2. Describe the Cabuliwallah as he first makes his appearance in the street below Mini's house.

3. Why was Mini frightened of the Cabuliwallah in the beginning? How did she behave at their first meeting?

4 How did Mini and the Cabuliwallah become great friends afterwards?

5. Why was the topic about going to the father-in-law's house a cause for great merriment for both Mini and the Cabuliwallah?

6. What pleasant visions about scenes in foreign lands were imagined by Mini's father at the sight of the Cabuliwallah?

7. Why was Mini's mother full of doubts about the Cabuliwallah? What were her fears?

8. Why was the Cabuliwallah arrested? What explanation did he give Mini as he was being led away by the policemen?

9. What did the Cabuliwallah expect to find on returning to Mini's house after his release from jail? Why was he disappointed?

10. Why was Mini's father not happy at first at the Cabuliwallah's reappearance? Why was he not able to recognise the man immediately?

11. Why would the Cabuliwallah not accept the money for the fruit he had brought for Mini after his release?

12. In what way did the Cabuliwallah express his deep affection for his daughter for so many years?

13. Why was the Cabuliwallah amazed at the sight of Mini on her wedding day? What idea suddenly struck him when he saw the bride?

14. What did Mini's father feel when he discovered the Cabuliwallah's deep affection for his daughter? How did this discovery affect the festivities planned for Mini's wedding?

1. "Ah," thought I, "he will come in and my seventeenth chapter will never be finished!" Why did Mini's father think so?

2. "Oh, Mini! How could you take it from him?" Why did Mini's mother make this remark?

3. Mini's father found "something strangely fascinating" in the child's talk with the Cabuliwallah. What do you think was "strangely fascinating" about the close friendship between the two?

4. How do you account for the fact that Mini forgot her old friend, the Cabuliwallah, after he was taken away by the police?

5. What effect had the tune, *Bhairavi*, on Mini's father on her wedding day? Why did it have that effect?
6. Why did Mini's father regard the reappearance of the Cabuliwallah on Mini's wedding day as an unhappy omen? In the light of this attitude, how do you account for his last words to the mountaineer: "May the happiness of your meeting bring good fortune to my child."?
7. Why do you think the Cabuliwallah carried with him merely the impression of his daughter's inksmeared hand on a piece of paper, and not a photograph of her?
8. The question about going to the father-in-law's house was asked in three different situations in the story. Refer to these three situations and point out on which occasion the answer could truly have been: "Yes, I am going there." Why was this answer not given on that occasion?

Language study

1. Give another word for each of the following:
   gigantic, quaint, transported, merchandise, conspiracy, pedestrians, inquisitive, sordid, radiant, vigour.
2. Explain the following:
   embarked on the full tide of another subject; accepted the money without demur; saving her from impending disaster; the nasal accents of the mountaineer; picturing the poor discomfited relative; scenes of travels are conjured up; a charge of murderous assault; the words struck harshly upon my ears.
3. Use these phrases in sentences of your own:
   dart off, be bewildered, pounce on, jump to the conclusion, keep a watchful eye on, laden with, subside into, feel assured, be sentenced to, noise and bustle, look wistfully at, be despondent about.
4. Explain with reference to the context:
   (a) So precarious was the position of my hero and my heroine that my first impulse was to stop and buy something.

   (b) I found the unfortunate coin had made twice its own worth of trouble!
   (c) I lead an existence so like a vegetable that a call to travel would fall upon me like a thunderbolt.
   (d) With Durga returning to Kailas, the light of our house also would depart to her husband's house.
5. "Euphemism" is a mild or vague word (or expression) used instead of a harsh or blunt one. Thus, in the Cabuliwallah's language, *father-in-law's house* was a euphemism for jail. Can you find euphemisms for any of the following words?
   mad, die, tell a lie, kill
6. Turn into indirect speech:
   "When did you come, Rahman?" I said to him.
   "Last evening," he replied, "I was released from jail."
   "There are ceremonies going on," I said, "and I am busy. Perhaps you could come another day?"
   "May I not see the little one, Sir, for a moment?"
   I repeated: "There is a ceremony in the house, and you will not be able to see anyone today."
   He looked wistfully at me for a moment, then said, "Good morning," and went out.

Composition

1. It is said that the character of Mini's father, as portrayed in this short story, makes an even greater impression on the mind of the reader than the character of the Cabuliwallah. Write three or four paragraphs on the narrator of the story, bringing out his artistic and sensitive nature, his progressive outlook, his patience and understanding and his deep affection and sympathies.
2. Give a brief character sketch of the Cabuliwallah.
3. Show that Mini as a five-year old girl was an extremely lovable child, and that on her wedding day she behaves like a typical Indian bride.
4. If the story has moved you, write a paragraph on the most touching scene or incident described in it.

MEET THE AUTHORS

The biographical sketches of the authors, given in the following pages, are intended to supplement the information contained in the introductory notes at the beginning of the lessons.

Alcott, Louisa May (1832-1888), American novelist and poet, wrote her first book, *Flower Fables* when she was only 16. The first volume of *Little Women* written in 1868, from which the extract in this book has been taken, was so popular that Miss Alcott produced the second volume the very next year. It is a story of home life written with such talent that all the characters actually seem to live. After *Little Women*, she wrote a series of books for children and adults, such as, *An Old-fashioned Girl, Little Men*, etc.

Arnold, Sir Edwin (1832-1904), was an English poet, journalist, translator and traveller, who travelled widely in the east. His best known work, *The Light of Asia*, is an epic poem on the life of Buddha. He was the author of a number of translations of oriental literature including *The Indian Song of Songs* and *Indian Idylls*.

Browning, Robert (1812-89), famous English poet of the 19th century, had all the advantages of a scholarly and cultured family background; but he wrote poetry and dramatic verse for 40 years before he received recognition and fame. His early poems were difficult to understand, but his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett and the several years of happy life that they had together brought about a blossoming of his poetic career. His poetry won increasing favour with the public during the latter part of his life. Browning has produced a large quantity of work, including numerous philosophical and dramatic lyrics and several dramas.

Campbell, Thomas (1777-1844), Scottish poet, was the editor of a monthly magazine and an anthologist (i.e. one who makes a carefully chosen collection of poems) of some influence in his day. He is best known for his literary ballad, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, given in this book, and for some notable martial lyrics like *Ye Mariners of England* and *Hohenlinden*.

Carroll, Lewis (1832-1898), is the pen name of the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who, although ordained as a Church priest, never preached. He was a man of many parts—author, mathematician and photographer—but his main interest was in creating amusing games and puzzles for little girls. For one of these girls named Alice Liddell he wrote his two popular books *Alice in Wonderland* and its sequel *Through the Looking Glass*, which are masterpieces of imagination and delicious nonsense. Lewis Carroll is also remembered for his long nonsense poem *The Hunting of the Snark* which is extremely amusing.

Daudet, Alphonse (1840-1897), a French writer, wrote a number of novels dealing with life in Paris as well as in Provence, his birth place. His Provencal stories centre round a comic character called Tartarin and the titles of his novels contain this name. Daudet is noted for his keen observation, his sympathetic character sketches and vivid presentation of incident, and all these qualities will be found in the lesson included in this book.

Davies, William H. (1871-1940), an English poet, was a peddler by choice until he was over 30. His best known book is his prose *Autobiography of a Super-tramp*. However, Davies also wrote some outstanding but simple poems on nature like Wordsworth, and his poem *Leisure* is found in many anthologies.

Defoe, Daniel (1660-1731), English novelist, journalist and political agent, was founder of English journalism. He wrote on topics of the day in which everyone is interested, such as, party politics, religion, finance, business or lives of people. But though Defoe's pamphlet writings on these subjects show what England was like in those days, he won for himself a distinct and original place in English literature through his works of fiction, which include *Memoirs of a Cavalier, Moll Flanders, Captain Singleton* and, the most famous of all, *Robinson Cru-*

soe. Defoe always wrote as if what he said were true; and *Robinson Crusoe* from which the extract included in this book has been taken, reads like a true story although it is indeed pure fiction.

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan (1859-1930) is one of the first and still one of the most popular writers of detective stories, and is the creator of the famous fictional detective character, Sherlock Holmes. Conan Doyle, who was born in Edinburgh, was a doctor by profession, and first started writing merely to add to his income as an unsuccessful medical practitioner. *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, his first book of detective stories, gained immediate popularity, and he had to follow this up with a series of Sherlock Holmes books, such as *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, which are widely read even to-day. Conan Doyle wrote some historical novels, of which *Micah Clarke* and *The White Company* are note-worthy.

Drinkwater, John (1882-1987), English poet, dramatist and biographer, also belonged to what is known as the Georgian School of poets. He wrote historical and biographical plays such as *Abraham Lincoln* and *Mary Stuart* and also some autobiographical works.

Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand (1869-1948), known as Mahatma Gandhi to millions of Indians, is acknowledged as the Father of the Nation and the Architect of Indian Freedom. He studied law in England and then went to South Africa in 1893 to help in the struggle of Indian settlers to gain political rights. It was there that he first introduced the technique of *satyagraha* or passive resistance to unjust laws, which later became his chief weapon against the British in India. He was imprisoned a number of times for launching non-violent non-co-operation and civil disobedience movements in India. The last of these was the Quit India Movement of 1942, which roused the whole nation to a final struggle for throwing off the British rule. It was because of Mahatma Gandhi's great efforts that India was finally liberated in 1947; but the great saint-politician himself died at the hands of a fanatic in 1948.

His autobiography, *Story of My Experiments with Truth*, from which the extract in the book is taken, tells a remarkable story of self-improvement in simple and chaste English.

Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson (1878-1962) was a poet associated with the Georgian group to which John Drinkwater, mentioned elsewhere in these notes, also belonged. His most successful poems are about the grim, industrial life of working people, and the theme is often concerned with tragedy and death.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1804-1864), the American novelist and short story writer, wrote some books expressly for the entertainment of children. Among these are his two masterpieces, *Wonder Book for Girls and Boys* and *Tanglewood Tales for Girls and Boys* which retell famous myths and legends of the past. Another book for children is *Grandfather's Chair*. It contains stories from early American history. Nathaniel Hawthorne's novels which made him famous and which are still popular include *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*.

Hughes, Thomas (1822-1896), the author of the famous book, *Tom Brown's School Days* and its sequel, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, was closely associated with socialism, and worked whole-heartedly and enthusiastically to improve the conditions of the poor. *Tom Brown's School Days* is considered to be the finest of all the many books written about school boys. The author was himself at Rugby and he recalled his own school days in describing Tom's entertaining adventures and the high ideals of sportsmanship developed in an English public school.

Jerome, K. Jerome (1859-1927), was an English novelist and playwright, who is best known as a humanist. His works include *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, and a modern morality play called *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, but his most delightful novel is *Three Men in a Boat* from which the extract "Uncle Podger Hangs a Picture" has been taken.

Masefield, John (1878-1967), English poet, dramatist and novelist, was appointed Poet Laureate of England in 1930. As a boy he went to sea as a cadet officer. He then spent a number of years wandering around the world, doing different odd jobs. He is best known for his sea poems, such as those collected in *Salt Water Ballads*, and his poems *Sea Fever* and *Cargoes* appear in many anthologies. Masefield wrote several long narrative poems and some verse dramas, and also produced novels, boys' adventure stories, biographies, and accounts of his experiences in World War I.

Moore, Thomas (1779-1852), an Irish poet and a contemporary of the Romantic poets like Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley, is known for his Irish folk songs and graceful lyrics set to traditonal tunes. He also wrote narrative poems with an oriental setting, which were popular at one time. Moore was regarded as the national poet of Ireland. In addition to poetry, Moore produced a variety of literary material including a novel, and a biography of Byron, who was his close friend.

Nehru, Jawaharlal (1889-1964), the great statesman and leader of Independent India for seventeen years, is also renowned as a man of letters. His three literary works, *Autobiography, Glimpses of World History* and *The Discovery of India* reveal his scholarship, his broad progressive outlook, his love of beauty and his power of effective expression.

Noyes, Alfred (1880-1958), English poet and essayist, is chiefly known for his narrative verse and ballads dealing with English history. He served with the British navy during World War I and described his experiences in books of poetry called *Open Boats* and *Songs of the Trawlers.* He is especially known for his melodious, lilting verse of which the *Song of the Wooden-Legged Fiddler* is a good specimen.

Squire, Sir John (1884-1958) was an English poet. He wrote the poems known as *Collective Parodies* and with another co-author he collaborated in writing a number of plays including *Berkeley Square.*

Stanley, Henry Morton (1841-1904), the famous African Explorer, was first sent to Africa as a newspaper correspondent in 1870 to locate the English Missionary and explorer, David Livingstone who, it was feared, was lost in the wilds of the so-called dark continent. The account of how he found Livingstone in November 1871 is given in the lesson. Stanley later returned to Africa for further explorations and wrote a number of books including *Through the Dark Continent,* and *In Darkest Africa*, etc.

Stevenson, Robert Louis (1850-1894), Scottish poet, essayist and novelist, studied engineering and prepared for the bar, but never took up the practice of law. About 1876 he began writing essays for magazines. *Treasure Island,* the book which brought him both fame and fortune, was published in 1883, and during the next ten years a number of books came from his pen, the most popular of which are *A Child's Garden of Verses, The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and the historical romance *Kidnapped.* All his life Stevenson had to fight against tuberculosis; but in spite of this he travelled widely and lived adventurously. He died on the island of Samoa in the South Seas where the natives whose deep affection he had won used to call him *Tusitala* or *"Teller of Tales"*

Swift, Jonathan (1667-1745), English satirist, poet, political writer and clergyman, was born and brought up, and lived in Ireland almost throughout his life and was a very influential figure for a time. In most of his writings he used his gift of satirical humour to attack various evils, such as poverty, cruelty and ignorance which he saw everywhere in European civilisation. He wrote a number of satires and political works; but his masterpiece is *Gulliver's Travels* from which the passage in the book has been taken.

Twain, Mark (1835-1910), was the pen name of American author and humorist, Samuel Langhorne Clemens. He did not have much formal schooling, and after working for some years as a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi River, he took up journalism and soon established his fame as a humorous story-teller and public speaker. *The Innocents Abroad,* which was written as the result of a European trip, gave him a place in the world of letters. Thereafter book after book followed. The most famous of them are the *Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi.* His writings are marked by rich, exaggerated humour, picturesque descriptive expression and the adventurous roving spirit of boyhood.

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850), the great English poet of nature, was born in the beautiful Lake District of northwestern England and the spirit of the clear blue lakes and their surrounding hills became a part of his being. For a short period he was caught up in the excitement of the French Revolution; but he was disappointed and saddened by the Reign of Terror in France and turned his thoughts from politics to literature. The bulk of his best known poetry is contained in *Lyrical Ballads* which he published jointly with his friend, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Wordsworth wrote two long poems in blank verse—*The Prelude,* mainly autobiographical, and *The Excursion* explaining his religious and political beliefs.

Yeats, William Butler (1865-1939), Irish poet and dramatist, is generally considered to be one of the greatest poets of the 20th Century. He was a leader of the Irish National Movement and worked hard to make the Irish people conscious of their own rich traditions and culture. His earliest poems which are highly musical, such as, the famous *The Lake Isle of Innisfree,* showed his enthusiasm for Irish folk-lore and country life and Irish fairy tales. He helped to found the Abbey Theatre in Dublin to encourage young Irish dramatists to write plays on the customs, peasant life, history and ideals of the Irish people. He has himself written several poetic dramas based on Irish mythology and legends. In 1923, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

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